

Children's Newspaper

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY OF A CAT

WHITE CAP CHIEF BEFORE THE PRIVY COUNCIL

How He Has Proved His Faith
in British Justice

A YEAR'S FIGHT FOR HIS PEOPLE

A rare sight has lately aroused much attention in London—the picturesque figure of the White Cap Chief of Lagos fighting for justice in the House of Lords. Everybody will be glad that he takes justice home with him, and that he returns to his people in Africa with a strengthened faith in the fairness of the great British Commonwealth to which he belongs.

Before he left, the White Cap Chief was entertained at dinner at one of the finest hotels in London, where he appeared in the flowing robes in which he was arrayed before the Privy Council.

Equal Justice for All

The splendid African who, after a fight of over a year, has vindicated the equal justice of the British Commonwealth, is Chief Oluwa of Lagos, Southern Nigeria, head of the Oluwa tribe, and one of the White Cap, or land-owning, chiefs of Lagos. The property belonging to him and his community is at Apapa, and part of it was taken by the local government for public purposes. Thereupon Oluwa claimed the value of the land.

The local authorities said his claim was not legal. They admitted that Oluwa had exercised rights over the land, that he had power to allot portions of it and to charge rents and dues; but there, they said, his rights ended.

Such rights, it was maintained by the local officials, did not enable him actually to sell the land and obtain its full value. In fact, they said he was not the actual owner, but had only a sort of leaseholder's rights.

Appeal to the Highest Court

That was the decision against which this chief appealed. He brought his case to London and had it tried by the Privy Council, and that Council, the highest in the Empire, decided that he was right and the South Nigerian court wrong. Land laws in the Empire among semi-civilised people are loose, difficult, and very complex, but the Privy Council had no difficulty in reaching their decision.

The dispute, quite a friendly legal one, was between the local representatives of the Government and the White Cap Chief, and the Chief has now won handsomely.

He transfers his land to the Government and is entitled to full compensation for it, and he will be paid as though he were an Englishman selling an estate in Great Britain. The estate is his and his people's, and they will share the proceeds.

It is on such impartial administration of justice that the mighty British Empire has been built up and continues to exist.

Picture on this page

Chief Wins Justice for his People



Chief Oluwa of Lagos, who has triumphantly defended the rights of his people before the Privy Council in London, is here seen with one of his attendants, who is holding the state umbrella. See next column

LITTLE PLANE TO HELP A BIG PLANE

NEARLY five hundred passengers each week are using the airways between London and the Continent, and a great deal of merchandise of an urgent character is transported by air.

The London Terminal Aerodrome at Croydon has, in consequence, presented an exceptionally busy appearance during the summer months, when the machines on the great airways fly with almost clockwork regularity. It may be difficult, however, to maintain such a high standard of efficiency during autumn and winter when machines are often prevented from flying. High winds or rain do not trouble aeroplanes today, but fog is their great enemy, and suggestions have been made for making flying easy in fogs.

One is that signals be sent from an electric cable laid along the route of the airway. These signals would be picked up by a wireless instrument in an aeroplane flying above the fog, and by comparing the strength of the signals the machine would be able to keep its course.

This is merely an adaptation of a method at present in use for bringing ships safely into fog-bound harbours.

Landing in a fog is always very risky for the pilot, unable to see the ground,

cannot tell when he is to flatten out from his volplane in order to alight.

It is now proposed to use a simple device for giving him the necessary information. When he desires to alight the pilot can let out from his machine a long wire with a weight attached to the end. The weight will hit the ground as the aeroplane descends, and will warn the pilot to flatten out.

Yet another novel device is a gyroscopic arrangement which will show the airman, by means of an artificial horizon and a tiny model of his machine, the exact position of his aeroplane in relation to the real horizon, which is obscured from his view by fog.

This will be of the greatest use, for often pilots have realised only just in time that they were dashing headlong to earth when flying in a fog.

If the tests of these devices prove successful much will have been done in solving the problem of flying in fogs and making airways more reliable than travel by rail or boat.

On one recent occasion when Channel steamers were unable to make the crossing owing to a gale all the British aeroplanes flew as usual between London and Paris.

RUSSIA'S TOP GATE INTO SIBERIA BY THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Commercial Armada Sets Out
on a Great Adventure

ICE-BREAKER AHEAD

Two British ships, the Ashwin and the Tintern Abbey, have just left Liverpool to open up trade with Siberia by the Northern route.

They are being joined by two other British vessels from Hamburg and a Norwegian ship from Gothenburg, and the little Armada will be led by one of the largest and newest ice-breakers in the world, on board of which will be Commander Sverdrup, Nansen's right-hand man in Arctic exploration.

It is the first time any trade expedition on such a large scale has attempted to enter Siberia from the North, though individual ships have from time to time made the journey from England, and several have penetrated up the rivers for over a thousand miles.

An Exchange of Wealth

The vessels now on their way to Siberia carry about 11,000 tons of goods, worth more than a quarter of a million pounds sterling, including tools, agricultural machinery, and weapons for the fur hunters.

The ships are going to the Kara Sea, and hope to steam into the mouths of the Obi and Yenisei rivers, and penetrate for a long way into Asiatic Russia.

Siberia is well served by these great rivers, but as they run into the difficult Arctic Ocean they have not been used by traders. Now a serious attempt is to be made to put these fine waterways to practical use, and, if possible, to penetrate from the north to Omsk and Krasnoyarsk, 2000 miles inland.

Epoch-Marking Event

The expedition is fortunate to have secured the help of Commander Sverdrup, for he knows more about the navigation of the Kara Sea than any other man. Wireless stations along the north have already been established by the Russian Government, so that the vessels may be in constant touch with the outside world while travelling through the Arctic seas.

It is hoped that the ships will return by October, bringing with them 15,000 tons of Siberian furs, leather, and wool. If they do, and the new route is proved practicable, a gigantic step forward in the development of the amazingly rich land of Siberia will have been taken, and this journey of the five ships will be an epoch-marking event in British and Russian commercial history.

Two kinema men are travelling with the expedition, and, no doubt, later on we shall have an opportunity of seeing the kind of journey these adventurous ships have made.

The spirit of the British mariners of earlier days is not dead. See World Map

SEVEN WEEKS IN A MOTOR ENGINE

AMAZING STORY OF THOMAS CADILLAC

Is He the Most Famous Cat in the World?

HIS PROGRESS FROM POVERTY TO PROSPERITY

Of course we know that everyone who keeps cats either has, or has had, the nicest cat in the world; but the distinction of being the most famous cat is now claimed for an American cat with the unexpected but highly distinctive name of Thomas Cadillac.



Thomas Cadillac

Once we knew a cat that had the dignified name of Thomas Antonio, and he lived up to it; but he was not so famous as Thomas Cadillac. Even the cat that has been in all the papers for scratching and mewing at the bedroom door of his master and mistress, and so saving their lives when the house was on fire, must give way, in renown, to Thomas Cadillac, who has not only been in the papers of two sensation-loving continents, but has been on the films as well; and, though he is quite a common cat as far as pedigree is concerned, he has had the distinction of being insured for 5000 American dollars, or £1000.

But it is high time we told our readers why Thomas Cadillac is so famous.

Tom Goes for a Trip

A moment's further pause on his name. It is not the name by which he should be first introduced. That is the plain, honest, common name of Tom.

But when he bore that name he was not at all a public character; he was only a prowling cat, belonging to nobody in particular, and picking up a precarious living about the streets of the American motor-car-making city of Detroit, in the State of Michigan.

One fortunate day, as it seemed at first, he ventured into the works of the Cadillac Motor Company, and began an untimely inspection of a new car that was being boarded up in a crate to be sent for exhibition to an automobile show at Sydney, Australia.

While the workmen were temporarily absent Tom crept in, possibly to taste the oil with which the car was lubricated, and when they returned they boxed him in with the car, unawares, and before he had time to make an alarming outcry he was on his way, first by rail and then in the deep hold of a ship, on a seven weeks' journey to the Antipodes.

Cat Lives on Oil

Forty-nine days later, when the iron-bound packing case was opened, the car displayed, and its bonnet raised for an examination of the works, from the midst of the cylinders was extracted what seemed to be a dead cat. Indeed, poor Tom was flung aside as one whose life's tale was ended, for he was emaciated, almost without hair, and unconscious.

But Sydney had not realised the tenacity of life of a Detroit cat. A sympathetic workman, gazing on the wonder of a cat boxed up seven weeks in a crate, noticed Tom heave a sigh, and instantly the heart of Australia was touched. Off he was carried to a vet, restoratives applied—the most effective being a taste of bread and milk—and Tom became a hero, enthusiastically acclaimed in the Australian papers.

How had he lived through those dark and dreary days, cramped and famished? Well, he had licked up all the oil he could find, and had followed that, by eating some meals of greasy paper, but at last he had to fall back on sheer endurance.

Of course, a cat with so much character could not be deserted. Everybody felt that. Though the Australian laws did

Continued in the next column

MIGHTY INVENTION THROWN AWAY

WHEN CHINA HAD NO USE FOR PRINTING

How the First Books Came to a Race that Could Not Read

NEW TREASURES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM

As we described in the C.N. last week, China is learning to read and write because some genius of simplicity has given her an easy alphabet. Yet China has some of the oldest books in the world, and there has just come to our British Museum a gift of over 700 Chinese volumes, sent here by Chinese scholars who once studied English in our midst.

Some of the books are very ancient, considered with regard to the age of our literature. There are books in this collection which were written 14 centuries ago; there are photographic copies of books printed in China from movable types 400 years before the time of Gutenberg, the reputed inventor of type-printing in Europe.

Great Invention Killed

China's extensive literature is the oldest in the world, for it goes back thousands of years, yet it never reached down to the mass of the people, who were unable to learn the system of writing which needed 43,000 signs.

It is an extraordinary thing that the world should have had this mightiest of inventions, printing, so long with no use made of it. No doubt the difficulties of printing Chinese killed the invention.

It was impossible to make a sufficient number of types to meet the requirements of the language, and China went back to printing her books from pages cut in single blocks. For one Chinese work of which we have a copy in London 250,000 copper plates were used, all cut by hand.

But here are the books to show that when England was a petty, unlettered kingdom under Saxon rulers China had her printed literature, though only her profoundest scholars could ever write and read it.

Where China was First

If China had had her simple alphabet when she first mastered the art of printing from type she would have had 500 years' start of Europe in book-making, and with such an advantage she might have mastered the world, for brain power, backed by the might of four hundred million people, would probably have given her a superiority beyond all challenge.

But her letters and printing were of no more use to her than were the lessons of the batteries of the electric eel to scientists until men arose who snatched the secret of electricity from Nature. China had the mariner's compass ages before we knew of it in Europe; she had the cantilever bridge centuries before the Forth Bridge was dreamed of, but she has slept on her intellectual treasures and is only now beginning to wake up.

Continued from the previous column

not allow an alien cat to land on the southern continent, an exception was made on Tom's account when kind citizens went bail for him and took charge of him till he could be repatriated.

And repatriated he must be, for the Cadillac Company, ever quick to see a good advertisement, promptly took Tom into the firm, named him afresh Thomas Cadillac, and made arrangements for him to come back a first-class saloon passenger.

So it came about that, after being photographed and filmed at Honolulu and San Francisco, and fêted and petted everywhere, Thomas Cadillac arrived again at Detroit, a sleek-coated, fat, rather supercilious cat, to remain an honoured member of the Cadillac firm and the most famous cat in the world, a fame well won by supreme endurance.

CRUELTY TO MAKE A SHOW

HOW ANIMALS SUFFER TO AMUSE THE PUBLIC

Torture Behind the Music-Hall Stage

REVELATIONS AT WESTMINSTER

By Our Natural Historian

The C.N. has frequently raised a warning against public performances in which animals take part, urging that, as the law does not prevent them, the only remedy is for all of us to make such shows unprofitable by refusing to attend them.

Parliament is now taking action, and a committee has been hearing evidence on the subject. No private reports of what goes on behind the scenes in the training of animals can exceed the horror of the reality.

Evidence has been given as to bears, lions, and dogs by men who have seen what happens. One man told of young bears kept caged and chained, the chains being used so that when the animals sprang forward on the door of the cage being opened, the poor creatures were suddenly pulled up short, whereupon the trainer beat them about the head with wood. This had to continue every day for three or four months so that the bears would at last come to "know their master."

The Chained Lion

A lion was trained by means of an iron trident and a whip; the trident prodded the animal as it moved. A second method was to chain the lion and gradually draw it up to the bars of its cage, so that its trainer might beat it in safety and impress upon it a recognition of the trainer's mastery.

Terrible stories were told of the barbarous treatment of dogs; of baboons clubbed over the muzzle with billets of wood to make them jump; of cats infamously ill-used to compel them to leap through hoops.

The most expert animal trainers are said to be foreigners, notably Germans, because they have least mercy in their methods. No animal performs unnatural tricks unless cruelty is employed to make it do so. It is unnatural for a dog to turn somersaults, so the animal, in learning the trick, is led about on a leash, and kicked and beaten until it knows what is required of it.

True Way for Animal Lovers

Witnesses interested in the financial success of such performances asserted that, while cruelty does enter into the methods of some trainers, such practices are the exception. Doubtless there are humane trainers. The evidence of Sanger, the circus proprietor, is worthy of belief. But there are not many Sangers, and there are multitudes of unknown men who appear on the music-hall stage with dogs, cats, monkeys, birds, bears, and so on, to whom no certificate of humanity can be given.

We know enough from the evidence before this Parliamentary Committee to realise that the education of most trick-animals is a crime; and until the Government interferes to stop such shows we must play the censor by boycotting all places of entertainment which include these atrocities in their programmes and all kinemas which show them on the films. All humane people, all lovers of animals especially, should be ashamed to be entertained by performing animals.

A CORRECTION

By a misprint in No. 124 of the C.N. one of the solutions, No. 7, to the Observation Test "What are these People Doing?" appeared as Swimming. This should, of course, have been Swinging.

THE WATER FROM THE HILLTOP

RUNNING DOWN INTO TWO SEAS

How Gilbert White's Village Helped Its Neighbours

THE WELL THAT DOES NOT FAIL

On a hilltop in Hampshire, when the great storms come, the water goes rushing down in two directions, and one stream flows into the Channel and on into the wide Atlantic; the other flows into the Thames and out into the North Sea. On its way one of these streams feeds a well that is famous in literature and has lately been playing its part in the life of a famous village.

Gilbert White, the gentle parson and naturalist of Selborne, was honoured with almost world-wide acclamation when the 200th anniversary of his birth was celebrated last year.

Not quite world-wide, however, for it is said that people in the surrounding villages marvel at the homage rendered to this aged cleric of other days who lived and died at Selborne; it is said that they marvel at the absurdity of it, and gasp with wonder at the crowds of pilgrims who throughout the summer motor, cycle, drive, and walk to the place where the old naturalist had his home and wrote his book.

The Two Streams

But now, it is reported, people from the neighbouring villages are actually going to White's Selborne—though not to do reverence at his house or his tomb, but to buy water from his well. The best water-supply at Selborne in Gilbert White's day was derived from a source called Well-head, and it has been the best supply during the prolonged days of the great drought. As Joseph's brethren went down into Egypt and bought corn of the brother they despised, so these people who think so little of White and his Selborne go to buy the water from Selborne's well.

White's description of this village water-supply is characteristic of the thoroughness of his investigations. At each end of the village, he tells us, arises a small rivulet, that which is called Well-head being a fine perennial spring, little affected by drought or wet seasons. This breaks out on some "high grounds joining to Nore Hill, a noble chalk promontory," remarkable for sending forth two streams, one reaching the English Channel and the other the North Sea.

Procession to a Famous Village

His beloved Well-head has never been known to fail. Fifty years ago, after a dry winter and a dry spring, followed by an extremely dry summer, the well spring produced on one hot September day nine gallons of water a minute, or 12,960 to the 24 hours, when all the ponds and most other wells in the vale were dry.

This year Well-head has again lived up to its reputation, and the neighbours from afar who think little of Gilbert White at ordinary times have been going into his village in a steady procession to obtain supplies from the source of which White tells us in his famous book.

CABBAGES AND SNAKES

Life on New Year Island

Cabbages and snakes are the chief features of New Year Island, a tiny speck of 150 acres in the Bass Strait, between Australia and Tasmania.

The island was formerly uninhabited, but about 70 years ago a visitor from a passing vessel planted a field of cabbages there. These have grown to such an extent that the biggest are 12 feet high.

Two Australian soldiers settled on New Year Island last winter, and in four months killed 1050 snakes; but, in spite of their efforts, the island still swarms with them.

BIG HAWK RED INDIAN CHIEF AMONG THE SCOUTS

A Great Time in the Compiègne Forest

WILL HE COME TO LONDON?

By a Scout Correspondent

But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor breed, nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth.
RUDYARD KIPLING

Big Hawk, the chief of a world-famed Red Indian tribe and the Chief Scout-master of the United States, has travelled thousands of miles from his forest homelands to spend some time with the French Boy Scouts. He is now in the heart of the forest of Compiègne with young France gathered round him, eagerly absorbing knowledge of life in the forests and on the plains.

I have seen the great chief Big Hawk. In the crowded boulevards his picturesque figure aroused great attention. He was adorned in a finely embroidered shawl and red leather moccasins, and he wore a head-dress of white feathers.

When I first saw him he was standing like a majestic statue, his shawl about his arms, his finely-chiselled head erect, masses of people about him on the boulevards. Now this Red Indian chief is with a delighted band of French Boy Scouts in the Compiègne forest.

Round the Camp Fire

These boys, who have revelled in the books of Fenimore Cooper and Captain Mayne Reid, have the hero of their stories in their midst. He is showing them the true art of following a trail, of cooking their food by a wood fire, and the way the Indian lives on the resources of the forest.

When a care-free, healthy day is over and twilight falls, Big Hawk builds his camp-fire, and lights it by rubbing two pieces of wood together. Then, round the camp-fire, in a circle with the delighted Scouts, he squats on his haunches, and with the flames reflecting the eager light of past memories in his eyes Big Hawk tells them stories of his tribe—stories brimming with episodes of gallant courage, patience, and fidelity.

The Red Man's Brothers

Darkness falls unheeded, tired heads are resting on hands, yet eager, admiring eyes are fixed on this great leader, eyes dimmed with tears as Big Hawk, with a soft voice, tells of the advent of the white people into his tribe's territory and of the gradual dying out of his own flesh and blood. But he has no remorse or enmity against the invaders of his territory. The white men are his white brothers, and Big Hawk loves them all. There is only regret, and the dreams of what might have been.

Now this splendid, big-hearted chief of the once famous Seneca tribe of Red Indians is helping the boys of France to grow up to be men. He is staying in the forest of Compiègne until the end of August, when he goes to camp at Corcy, to meet still more of his young brothers in the forest of Villers-Cotterêts.

But I have been saving the plum for the end. I am hoping that Big Hawk will come to England after his tour in France. The Chief Scout is doing everything he can to persuade the chief to come to us, and if Big Hawk knows that the British Boy Scouts are calling him surely he will come.

SCHOOL VISITS TO FRANCE

A successful scheme, organised by Mr. H. Bonnair, for taking English school children to France in their holidays and distributing them among French schools has been revived this year.

THE JOLLY DAYS BY THE SEA



A little mermaid peeps out of the waves



Ring-a-ring-o'-roses in the surf



A sea-nymph takes a sun bath on the sand



An old salt tells a thrilling story of the sea

Thousands of readers of the C.N. are having a jolly holiday by the sea just now, and these pictures, taken at different spots on the coast, show how the boys and girls amuse themselves and keep cool in the warmth and sunshine for which the 1921 season has been famous

600-YEAR-OLD MAN LOOKING ON THE FACE OF DANTE'S FRIEND

Prince Who is Remembered
Because He Helped a Beggar

STORY OF CAN GRANDE

A few men in Italy have just seen a man who saw Dante.

Six hundred years ago the most famous man of the Scaliger family, one of the most important families in Italy, was Can Grande della Scala, Prince of Verona. When he died in July, 1329, he was buried with much pomp. Now, after nearly six centuries, the tomb has been opened to prove that the body of Can Grande lay within it.

Can Grande does not count now, save for one thing: he is famous because he entertained a proud and haughty beggar.

The world would have been much the same had Can Grande never governed Verona, but it would have been very different had he not given shelter to Dante. For at that time the immortal poet was a wanderer on the face of the earth, exiled from his native Florence, with a price upon his head. Can Grande took him in. Doubtless he thought himself rather a fine fellow for befriending this fiery mystic, but never could proud Can Grande have dreamed that he would live in history because of it.

Italy's Famous Masterpiece

Can Grande did what he could for the exiled poet, and so made it possible for Dante to write his Divine Comedy, the work which largely gave Italy her modern language and proved the inspiration of much of her literature.

Embittered by misfortune and injustice, Dante was a rather difficult guest, absent-minded, sad, and given to sarcasm. At Can Grande's table he rubbed shoulders with men of inferior understanding, who appreciated the antics and jibes of a clowning jester rather than the melancholy grandeur of the poet; and one day Can Grande asked him in the presence of all his guests why he, the poet, could not entertain his company as much as the buffoon. "Because all creatures delight in their own resemblance," answered Dante.

Flowers and Herbs

Dante's bones rest in Ravenna; and Florence, spurning him living, has been trying in vain for six centuries to take his remains to her heart. Can Grande died where he lived, and there was buried with much magnificence; and now, not because he was a mighty ruler in his day, but because he looked on Dante and gave him shelter, his grave has been opened so that scholars of our time may in turn look upon him.

The body was wonderfully preserved, the fine brown hair still covering a massive head, the features intact, the right hand perfect as if still ready to grasp the sword buried with its owner in the coffin. Yellow silk, with rich gold embroidery, wrapped the body, the feet rested on a cushion of satin, and over all was a robe of silk and gold worked in the colours of Verona's old flag. Dried flowers and aromatic herbs were still in the coffin.

The sword alone was removed. It is to be placed in the museum of Verona, but the body returns to its vault.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Worcester china dinner service . . .	£971
Painting by John Sargent . . .	£810
A pair of Chinese vases . . .	£236
A Brussels tapestry screen . . .	£147
A letter by Robert Burns . . .	£33
141 letters by George III . . .	£32
51 drawings by Kate Greenaway . . .	£29
A letter by Dr. Johnson . . .	£25
A letter by Thackeray . . .	£22
A Hawker air-post stamp . . .	£16
The poet Coleridge's copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress realised a sum of £11 10s.	

NEGRO PARLIAMENT FUTURE OF THE BLACK RACE

Immense Gathering from All
Over the World

PROGRESS OF HALF A CENTURY

A great international convention of Negro peoples, the second of its kind, has been meeting in New York, and 50,000 black delegates from all over the world have been present.

It is like a parliament of the Negro race, and all kinds of matters that concern the welfare of the black peoples of the world are being discussed. The convention is an amazing achievement, and a fitting and striking symbol of the progress the Negro race has made in the past half-century.

There is estimated to be 134 million Negroes in the world today, and at this great congress practically all are represented. No such gathering of any of the other great divisions of mankind has ever been held. Neither the white race nor the yellow race has been able to achieve such a triumph.

From Darkness to Light

Think of the progress the Blacks of the United States have made. In 1860 there were in that country four and a half million Negroes, of whom all but a thousand or two were slaves, sunk in ignorance, superstition, and degradation, and wilfully kept in that condition by their white masters. Nine out of every ten were illiterate.

Today there are about 12 million Negroes in the U.S.A., and four out of five can read and write, while large numbers are highly educated, and many are university professors, judges, barristers, doctors, schoolmasters, clergymen, members of parliament, editors, bankers, actors, musicians, and commercial magnates.

While it is true that much help has been rendered by the white people in this climb to light and knowledge, undoubtedly the Negroes of America owe most to themselves.

An Amazing Record

The rise of the Negroes since the abolition of slavery is the most amazing instance in history of the advance of a race. Never before has any people made such gigantic intellectual and social progress in so short a time, and were the facts not self-evident scholars would never have believed such strides possible. Frederick Douglass, a famous Negro, himself born a slave, used to say: "The progress of the Negro is not to be measured by the height to which he has gone, but by the depths from which he has come," and, judged by that test, the story of the Negro race is astonishing.

The Negro's frantic thirst for knowledge has led him to spread all over the United States a network of educational institutions for his race, the extent of which these figures will show:

Negro children in public schools	2,000,000
Negroes in colleges and universities	100,000
Negro school teachers	40,000
Negro professors	5000
Value of Negro schools	£5,000,000

Yet while the Negro forms one-ninth of the population of the United States, he receives less than one-fiftieth of the money spent on education there.

In religion his progress has been just as great, and there are 43,000 Negro churches with nearly five million members, and property worth £20,000,000.

The same progress is shown in business and industry. Negro farmers now control 42 million acres, of which they own more than half. They are found in every skilled business, and the total wealth of the race is over £200,000,000. One large store in Chicago employs 1000 Negro women in all kinds of positions, from manageresses to shopgirls. Of their wealth the Negroes of America contributed more than £45,000,000 to various war loans and funds.

COLOUR IN THE COTTON FIELDS Remarkable Experiments Now Taking Place

WILL THEY CHECK THE DYE INDUSTRIES?

Will the much-talked-of dye industry become unnecessary after all? It would almost seem possible if certain experiments carried out in America and India continue to prove as successful as they have been so far.

Mr. A. W. Brabham, of Olar, South Carolina, who has won great fame in America by his experiments with plants, has long been experimenting in the growing of coloured cottons.

At last he has proved successful, and has produced four samples of cotton in natural colours, which are light and dark green and light and dark brown. The cotton is of a beautiful soft texture.

Mr. Brabham is consulting with native Indian growers who are said to have produced cotton in India of blue, grey, and pink shades; and in Peru, also, cotton has been grown of various shades. Experts believe that it will be possible to have a great variety of colours in natural-grown cotton.

Mr. Brabham himself expects to be able to raise even black cotton in two years by crossing red and blue varieties.

Not cotton growers and textile makers only, but the big dye manufacturers of various countries, are watching these amazing experiments with keen interest.

LAND & WATER VEHICLE Tank that Becomes a Boat

For a long time the possibility of moving on land or water in the same vehicle has been sought by inventors.

Monsieur Ravailler long ago constructed a boat which, with a 12-horse-power motor, could float on water with a screw or move on land.

But so far there has been only one amphibious tank, working in Denmark. It moves from one lake to another, crossing a large piece of land on wheels.

Now experiments have been made near Marseilles with another amphibious tank, which is able to go into and out of the water over rough ground. The first journey was accomplished the other day by the inventor, Monsieur Foenquinos, with a mechanic and five passengers.

The engine appears, perhaps, a little complicated, but it gives the precious advantage of passing readily from one element to the other.

It is particularly interesting for new countries, which are generally much broken with rivers and ponds and have few proper roads.

When shall we have a vehicle able to move by land, water, and air?

THE FAMILY THAT WENT INTO EXILE

And How It Came Back

By Our Paris Correspondent

Once upon a time there was a family of 18 children who lived in a village. The village was destroyed by barbarians, and the family went into exile.

Five years after, the invaders being driven away, our friends came back, and with a few sheets of iron and a few planks they made a nest again, but a miserable one. One day a kind fairy passed by and said to these poor people: "Here is something to build a house; take it and work!" And the father and his eldest sons, who had formerly been masons, took their tools again and built a comfortable dwelling.

This is not a fairy tale. The family Duborepère lived at Meteren, in the North of France, when the war began. After the Armistice they came back with 16 children, two little ones having died. An American benefactor, Mr. Davis, offered 15,000 francs to be given to a large family of the devastated region, and the family Duborepère had the good fortune to be chosen.

WILD LIFE AT THE C.N. OFFICE

A FEW ODD CALLERS Great Sirex that May Have Seen the Bolsheviks FLEET STREET DRAGON-FLY

By Our Country Correspondent

Many people think that wild life can be studied only in the country or in the suburbs of our towns and cities.

As a matter of fact there is plenty of wild life in the very heart of London, and those who regard the great city as a mere place of bricks and mortar would be surprised to know the number of interesting creatures that are to be seen there on the wing from time to time.

Here is a list of insects seen flying or crawling round the C.N. office during the last few weeks:

A tortoiseshell butterfly	A giant sirex
A cabbage butterfly	Two bees
A red admiral butterfly	A wasp
A large brown dragon-fly	An earwig

It is interesting to conjecture how these various creatures reached the C.N. office. Most of them were flying outside the windows, but two actually entered the building.

Foe from the Forest

The most interesting was the giant sirex, often called the giant-tailed wasp because it looks like a wasp and has what appears to be a very long tail with a formidable sting.

To human beings, however, the sirex is quite harmless; but it does an immense amount of damage to timber plantations. What appears to be a great sting is really a boring apparatus and an ovipositor. The creature bores a hole in a tree, sticks its ovipositor into the hole, and lays an egg at the bottom. Later, the egg hatches out into a larva with powerful jaws, and this gnaws a way out for the perfect insect that afterwards emerges.

The sirex that flew into the C.N. office no doubt came from some timber yard or builder's place close by, and probably it was a traveller from Norway or Russia, and came over with some foreign timber. It may have seen the terrible Bolsheviks, for all we know.

The other visitor seen inside the C.N. office was an earwig, and most likely this arrived one morning with some lady member of the staff, hidden among the petals of a rose.

Bees on the Roof

Just outside the Editor's window two bees were having a game. Probably they belonged to one of the hives kept by enterprising caretakers on the roofs of tall buildings under the shadow of St. Paul's.

These London bees find plenty of flowers from which to cull their honey in the various gardens and parks and squares with which London abounds.

The wasp flying outside the Editor's window had possibly ridden up to one of the markets on a basket of fruit, and, having escaped the eye and hand of the salesman, had drifted in the direction of the C.N. office.

The three butterflies were all seen outside the building in one week, though not on the same day. Cabbage whites are quite familiar in London, but large tortoiseshells are rare in the City, though they are common enough in the suburbs.

Alderman Arrives in the City

The red admiral must have been a very early specimen, and perhaps in coming into the City it was trying to live up to its other name, the alderman.

Where did the dragon-fly come from that was seen flitting about in Fleet Street? It was certainly not the one that flies round the pond on the Editor's hilltop in Kent. Perhaps it came up on a visit from Epping Forest, not because it was hungry, but because the very abundance of flies on which it lives had given it a desire for a change of diet. At any rate, there it was, an odd and somewhat unusual visitor, in the neighbourhood of a room which sees many interesting visitors from all parts,

THE WEEK IN HISTORY SQUIRE'S SON WHO RULED ENGLAND

A Mother of Kings and Queens THE MUSICAL ASTRONOMER

- Aug. 21. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu died . . . 1762
22. Warren Hastings died at Daylesford . . . 1818
23. Duke of Buckingham killed, Portsmouth . . . 1628
24. Napoleon's mother born at Ajaccio . . . 1750
25. Sir William Herschel died at Slough . . . 1822
26. Sir Robert Walpole born at Houghton . . . 1676
27. British Fleet bombarded Algiers . . . 1816

The Duke of Buckingham

THE career of George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, is perhaps the worst instance in English history of the evil of favouritism by kings.

Villiers was a handsome and dashing young fellow, son of a Leicestershire squire, who was pushed forward to catch the attention of that extraordinarily silly king James I when James was making a pet of another commonplace young man.

James, who was ugly and awkward, was at once captivated by the Leicestershire youth's beauty and grace, and advanced him in titles and wealth till he was a duke and the second richest man in the kingdom. Then it was Buckingham, not James, who governed England. Yet Buckingham had none of the qualities of a statesman. All his plans failed, and he was disliked and denounced both by Parliament and the populace.

The end of it was that he was stabbed to death at Portsmouth by a petty naval officer named John Felton, who thought he was serving his country by killing one of its enemies.

Napoleon's Mother

FROM his mother, Marie Letizia Ramolino by birth, and Madame Bonaparte by marriage, Napoleon inherited his stern strength of character.

A Corsican of ancient family, Letizia was married at the age of fourteen, and Napoleon, her fourth child, was born when she was 19. Her husband died when she was 35, never guessing that of the ten children left behind one would be an emperor, three would be kings, and one a queen.

Napoleon wished his mother, whom he styled Madame Mère, to take an exalted position in France; but, though she had beauty and great natural dignity, she had the habits of a bargaining, thrifty, plain peasant woman, and her speech was unpretentious and ungrammatical.

But she was loyal to the core where her family was concerned, and unaltered either by triumph or tragedy.

Her own death in Rome was a sordid tragedy. She was rich, but in her last hours the porter of the Palace Bonaparte allowed anyone who would pay him a small silver piece to peep through a crevice in a screen at the slow death of the aged mother of the conqueror of Europe.

Sir William Herschel

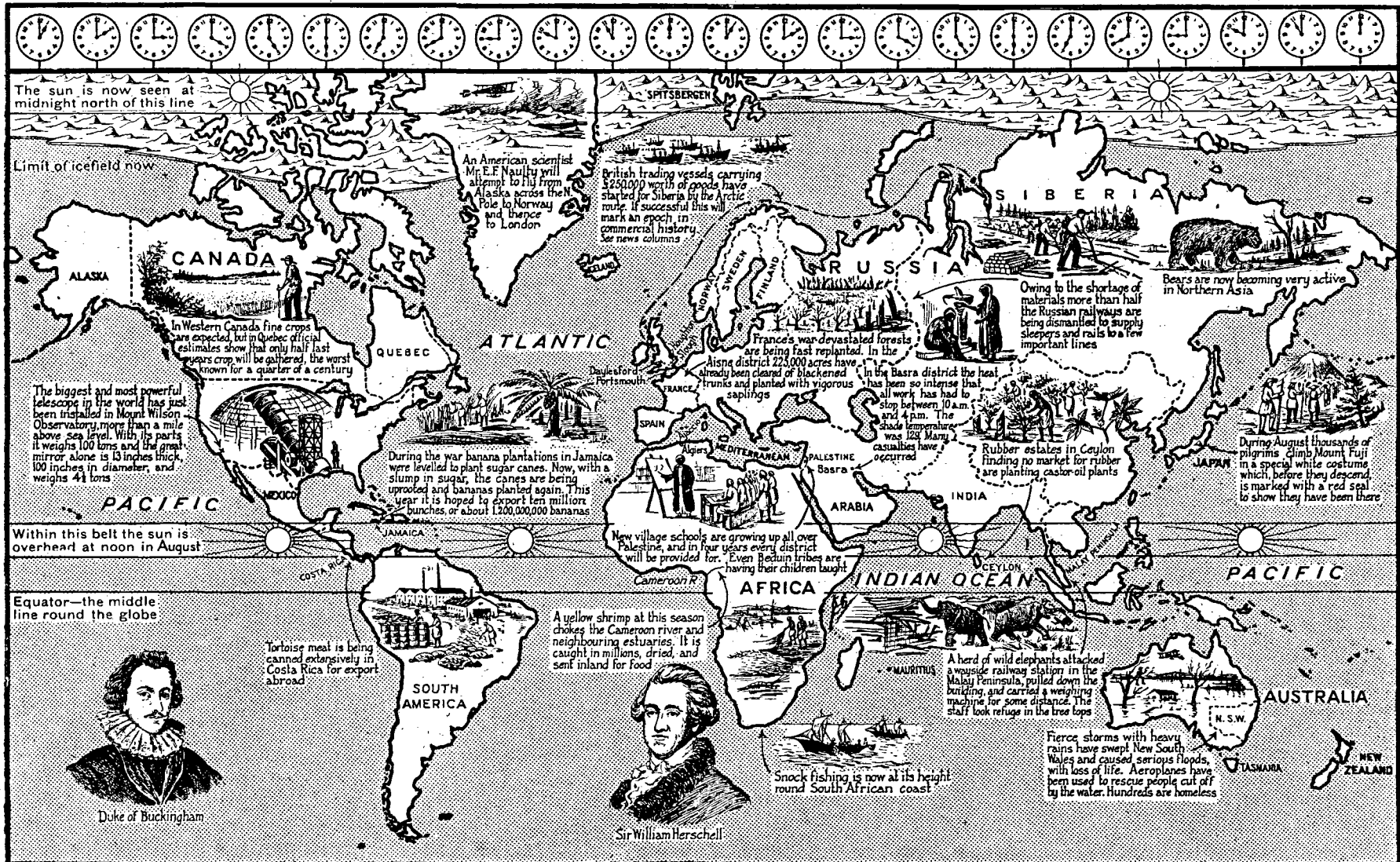
SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, the great astronomer, who "broke the barriers of the sky" by making telescopes that would sweep its recesses to enormous distances, and who became Astronomer Royal of Great Britain, was, until 42 years old, a musician and concert organiser.

He came over from his native Hanover as a musician, and, settling finally in Bath, made astronomy his hobby. His early work took the practical form of making more powerful instruments. After experimenting with the construction of 200 lenses, he perfected the instrument which enabled him to discover the planet Uranus.

Then he was acknowledged as the world's greatest living astronomer, and carried on, aided by his devoted sister Caroline, surveys of the heavens for 30 years, during which time he discovered 2000 nebulae and 800 double stars.

The wonderful work of this great and modest man was continued with equal success in the southern hemisphere by his son John.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY

Sad Fate of a Heroic Scholar

HUSBAND AND WIFE FALL DOWN A CREVASSE

By a most lamentable tragedy young America has lost one of its best and wisest instructors by the death of Dr. W. E. Stone, President of Perdue University, Indiana.

He was one of the foremost teachers of American youth, a man whose ideas and influence extended far beyond the university in which he taught.

Dr. Stone and his wife were on a climbing holiday in the mountains of Banff, in Alberta, and fate met them on Mount Aeon. Together they slipped into a crevasse, and were hurt. The doctor took his injured wife in his arms and, with the last remnant of his strength, climbed with her towards safety. But he slipped and fell again.

He held her tight in his arms to shield her to the last, and his protection diminished the shock of the fall for her; but he died where he fell. His wife survived, badly hurt, in the dead man's arms, and for several days she lay without food or shelter, in grave peril of death. Fortunately a search-party found Mrs. Stone alive after a week, and she is recovering.

CATERPILLARS STOPPING TRAINS

Trouble on the C.P.R.

For 21 miles on the New Brunswick district of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the train service has lately been seriously affected by vast numbers of caterpillars getting on the rails and making them so slippery that it was impossible to prevent the wheels from skidding.

To fight this difficulty it was necessary to construct special attachments on the engines so that steam could be blown through pipes to clear the rails.

POOR OLD PONS

Have Fragments of a Comet Come to Earth?

By the C.N. Boy Astronomer

It is interesting to learn that Pons Winnecke's Comet, which caused such interest a few months ago, may have actually provided us with a few meteors.

At one time it was thought by astronomers that there might be a large shower, but later calculations made it doubtful whether anything would be seen.

Several observers, however, have recorded bright meteors seen in the part of the sky from which meteors due to this comet might be expected. It would have been exceedingly interesting if any meteor, not melted up during its rush through our atmosphere, had reached the surface of the earth.

BOY'S FIGHT WITH AN OSTRICH

Story from South Africa

An exciting story comes from Oudtshoorn, in Cape Province, South Africa.

A sixteen-year-old boy named Saunders, accompanied by a little fellow of eight, was following a wounded buck when they were attacked by a fierce ostrich. Knowing that if he ran away his friend would be at the bird's mercy, Saunders advanced to meet it. As the ostrich was on the point of striking he stepped aside, and, seizing it by the neck, jumped on to its back.

After a desperate struggle Saunders managed to get a firm hold of the ostrich's neck and to render the bird unconscious, and, in the meantime, his companion had reached a place of safety.

Pronunciations in this Paper

Ajaccio	Ah-yaht-cho
Boötes	Bo-o-teez
Compiegne	Kon-pe-yane
Draconids	Drak-o-nids
Ghibellines	Gib-el-leens
Guelphs	Gwelfs
Wortley	Wurt-lee

WALKING ACROSS THE THAMES

Odd Scene in the Drought

One of the odd sights of the great drought has been the lack of water coming over Teddington Weir. The steps nearest the lock were quite dry, and children were making the weir itself a playground, dabbling their bare feet in the stream which they have known, and will know again, as a raging torrent.

But more strange even than the shallowness of the water over the weir was the sight of a man walking from the Middlesex bank to the lock wall! On one occasion the lock at Richmond was not closed all night, and the river at Teddington presented a weird sight at six in the morning.

There were islands, rocks, and mud heaps—just as if the map of the river had been changed. Then, a quarter of a mile below the weir, a man in waders stood in the middle of the stream, cautiously making his way across, prodding with a stick as he went for the deep holes with which the river is riddled. Then he touched the lock wall and climbed up the steps.

Can you not hear him, in your fancy, telling his grandchildren in 1951 how in the Great Drought of 1921 he walked across the Thames from Middlesex into Surrey?

WATCH THAT THE BLIND CAN SEE

A City's Great Example

The jewellers of Adelaide have set a fine example to other trades throughout the world. They have given every blind soldier in the city a Braille watch.

The watches were obtained from Switzerland, and the name of each recipient is engraved on the case.

CROSSING THE BAR

A Sailor Home from the Sea

MAN WHO SOUGHT FRANKLIN REACHES HIS LAST PORT

It is 73 years since the first ship in quest of Franklin set out on its hopeless quest; and the C.N. has already recorded the death of one of the men who searched for his body in the Arctic snows. It was believed at that time that there were no other survivors left, but until the other day there still lived a member of the rescue parties that failed.

He was Richard Tether, captain of many a stout whaler, who at 97 has now made his last voyage. He has crossed the bar and gone to meet his Pilot face to face.

Richard Tether of Hull, last of the old line of captains of whaling vessels once sailing to and from that port, was of the breed that sailed with Sir John Franklin. Franklin, whose mission in search of the North-West Passage was the most tragic story in Arctic exploration, went in just such ships as Tether's.

Though he sailed the wide seas over, though he fought at Copenhagen and at Trafalgar, he never saw ships such as are now common types at old Captain Tether's native port. The Erebus and Terror, the craft that took Franklin and his 134 men to their doom, were little ships, and all the vessels of the 15 expeditions that sailed to seek him were small and tough.

Our grand old man of the sea who has now gone to his rest sailed as mate in one such ship, and might have experienced a fate similar to that of the man he was seeking, for his vessel became icebound off Greenland for two years; but destiny was kinder to the man from Yorkshire than to the man who died on the scene of his triumph. Though Tether and his friends failed in their search for Franklin, the expedition was one of a series which stirred a whole generation of adventurers, and through which we came to know the Arctic seas as well as we now know Africa.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 20 1921

Trust One Another

IF you were to ask any big man of business what is the chief foundation of all the myriad transactions which take place every day in all the great centres of trade, you would be told that they are based upon mutual trust.

Business and government could not continue if confidence flew away. It is because they rely on one another's honesty that merchants and bankers, buyers and sellers, keep the ball of commerce rolling.

Nor is it only in business that confidence is necessary for maintaining good relations between men. The war came upon us because governments had ceased to trust one another. Mistrust bred suspicion and suspicion bred fear, and so there came about the state of mind which leads always to fighting. Nearly three years have gone since the fighting ended, but where do we stand with the spirit that failed the world when the war began?

Are we trusting one another, men and nations?

War is still alive in Europe, but have we driven the spirit of war even out of our own land?

Many who declared only a little while ago that war was senseless and barbarous now say that war is the only way to settle disputes, no matter how outsiders may suffer. Struggles between employers and workmen are just as much war, and cause almost as much suffering, as struggles between nations, and these struggles have exactly the same causes as ordinary war. Distrust is at the bottom of them all.

Now, it is plain that until we can get back to a basis of trust we shall never settle down to prosperity and contentment again. Faults on all sides have led to a break of confidence, and all sides must change their hearts if we are to get it back.

Distrust is felt only by those who know they do not deserve trust themselves. Good faith and the habit of straight dealing make us believe in one another, and often the knowledge that they are trusted makes even slippery men worthy of trust. When Cecil Rhodes went unarmed among the fierce Matabele people many said he was a fool, but his confidence won the hearts of the tribes, and they stopped fighting.

Let us never distrust anyone unless we have the plainest reasons for it. Even if we have been deceived once, we can perhaps shame the deceivers into honesty by showing that we believe they mean to be straight and square. The war has left behind a hateful cloud of suspicion and distrust, and we must all do what we can to fan it away.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Only the Sea

SOMEONE has written to the newspaper of a lovely little seaside town complaining that there are no "amusements" on the beach, and saying that the visitor has *only the sea to look at*. Only the sea!

When Victor Hugo went into exile his son asked him how he would employ his time, and the great poet replied, "I shall look at the sea."

For ourselves we not only look at the sea, but we splash it about, and look at other people splashing it about, particularly children. As for painted minstrels, they are for those who want them, but we regard them on the beach as the gardener regards the black army among his beans.

We can imagine Victor Hugo looking at the sea, the moving wonder of the world; but can you imagine Victor Hugo complaining that the sea is dull because there are no pierrots?

Proverb of the Day



To One Who Goes Both Ways:
Who Hunts Two Hares Leaves One and Loses the Other

Miss Morgans of Windsor Castle

THERE is not a child in the land who would not like to go to Windsor Castle, particularly if the Prince of Wales happened to be there. How they must envy, then, the two Miss Morgans, who were in and out of Windsor Castle as often as they liked.

But perhaps they did not like!

Who do you think they were, these little, tiny children, these tots of girls who went in and out of Windsor Castle almost as if they owned the place, and yet hated it, loathed it, and wanted to see it burned down to the ground?

They were chimney-sweeps!

Yes, the royal chimneys were swept by two little girls, and all the Bills that despised Radicals introduced to put down "the human chimney brush" were thrown out by the Lords.

Poor little mites five years old were forced up chimneys; and though a good man fought for these children in the House of Commons for years and years, the House of Lords threw out his Bills and called him, with contempt, a "Radical."

Well, such things have gone the way that war will go, and yet there are many people living who might have talked to the little Miss Morgans of Windsor Castle.

The Upper Class

PEOPLE who live in civilised countries are often referred to in the newspapers as divided into three classes—the upper class, the middle class, and the working class; but nobody is quite sure how to draw the dividing line between these classes.

One thing is certain—namely, that the term working class is not really descriptive, for in all grades of society there are people who work very hard and people who work very little.

What, then, does class depend on? No material things, such as money, lands, houses, or dress, can make vital differences between men and women, though many people think they can.

The true stamp of high and middle and low in class comes from character, aims, manners, and taste. It is the inward spirit moulding manhood and womanhood that matters most. And the noble mind is found up and down in all social grades.

There are high-class people everywhere and low-class people everywhere.

Tip-Cat

A NATURALIST declares that fish are susceptible to music. He has heard them practising their scales.

BUSINESS is looking up—to see if taxes are coming down.

WHICH is the right way to walk—on the heel or the toe? somebody asks. The heel, of course, except on a tow path.

DROUGHT still continues. Lately there has not even been a drop in prices.

ENGLAND has had a long innings, says the Bishop of Durham. And she is not yet out.

THERE are complaints that boys are not so polite as they used to be. Possibly nowadays they don't get so much to say "Thank you" for.

A MILLIONAIRE who made his first money with a headache cure has lost it all. He is looking for a headache cure.

If

THINGS would be much better if the big dogs of war had not left so many bones for the little dogs of war to fight over.

The Happy Life

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

GEORGE LINNAEUS BANKS

The Things That Count

An American poet has been reading his poems in some of the schools of Chicago. He is Edmund Vance Cook, and here are two of the verses he read.

DID you tackle that trouble that came your way
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it,
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But only how did you take it?

YOU are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face!
It's nothing against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the harder you bounce!
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts;
It's how did you fight, and why?

The Soviet

By Our Country Girl

IAN is an intelligent youth of fourteen who reads his newspapers.

When he is home for the holidays he is sometimes kind enough to play with his little brothers and sisters. Of course, he doesn't take part in silly games like Red Indians, French and English, or Pirates. Ian invents new games; yesterday, for instance, he announced a Soviet, saying:

"Let's have a Revolution. Pat and I will be Bolsheviks; Mollie and Baby are the Bourgeoisie. We've got to overthrow them. Come on, Pat; I'm Lenin, and you've got to do what I tell you on pain of death."

After a brief struggle the Bourgeoisie were overthrown, whereupon the Bolsheviks ran them through the body with walking-sticks, stabbed them with paper-knives, and bombed them with tennis balls.

The cries of the Bourgeoisie brought Father into the schoolroom.

"It's a Revolution," Ian explained. "I've just established a Communist Government."

"Then you will abolish private property, won't you?" Father asked. "There is no such thing as private property under Communism."

"Oh, yes!" Ian agreed. "Pat, deprive the Bourgeoisie of their Teddy Bear and rattle."

Baby redoubled his roars.

"Of course," Father continued, "now that private property has been abolished I had better wire to the stores countermanding my order for that bicycle."

Lenin reflected for a moment, and then announced:

"The Reign of Terror is over. Give the Bourgeoisie its rattle."



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW
If friendships
are not better
than warships

EXPLORER LANDS ON A PEAK

FRENCHMAN'S FEAT

Story of a Lonely Point in Northern Waters

DROWNED LAND OF ROCKALL

There seems little enough to boast of in bringing home pieces of rock from an islet in British waters, yet we may all congratulate Dr. Charcot, the French explorer, upon having done that. And he is proud that the feat has been added to the record of his little ship, the *Pourquoi Pas* (Why Not?), which carried him to the Antarctic and home again 13 years ago. The specimens he has brought back are from Rockall, and it is because Rockall lies in turbulent seas that his feat is so notable.

Rockall presents itself as a point of rock in the ocean, 185 miles west of the Outer Hebrides and 260 miles north of Ireland. It rises between 70 and 80 feet above the sea, and is the apex of an island whose base is in the water—or it may be the crowning height of a drowned land which formed part of Britain when the British Isles were one with the mainland of Europe. It may even have been, in earlier days, one of those stepping-stones linking the Old World with the New.

Mystery of a Rock

The mystery of this lonely peak has attracted mariners for centuries. Martin Frobisher, when trying to batter a way through the North to the fabled East, sighted the rock. Five times during the 19th century landings were effected.

In 1810 men from H.M.S. *Endymion* landed after great difficulty and brought away fragments of rock. In 1862 a boat's crew from H.M.S. *Porcupine* reached the islet, but, though they were able to leave their boat, they could not scale the rock, which on one side is sheer like a wall. In 1887 and in 1888 two seamen from the Faroe Islands made landings, while in 1887 a Grimsby fishing captain was the first man to climb to the summit of Rockall.

But the most notable exploration of Rockall was that carried out in 1896 by the Rev. W. Spotswood Green. With infinite trouble he got ashore, collected specimens of the rock, dredged up material from the water, and gave us practically the only scientific evidence we have of life round Rockall.

Land that Has Sunk

We know that Rockall, visible to the eye, crowns a greater mass of land hidden by the sea. Apparently it is the outward manifestation of a plateau about 100 miles long by 50 miles broad, lying generally about 600 feet beneath the surface of the water. Things dredged up show that on the floor lie dead shells of creatures which once lived in much shallower water; they die in greater depths. Therefore Rockall has sunk. It is that fact which suggests its former connection with lands which, before the immense changes of land and sea levels, made Great Britain part of Europe.

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O Earth, what changes thou hast seen!

Today Rockall is a constant menace to navigation. Fourteen years ago the Danish steamer *Norge* crashed upon it, carrying 600 lives to their doom.

INVENTIONS IN INDIA

A Sign of the Times

One of the most interesting signs of the times in India is the number of patents now registered there. Last year the number increased 30 per cent.

Of the 1337 applications for Indian patents 1041 came from abroad, and of the 296 remaining 128 came from native inventors. A large number of the inventions are devices for preventing waste from water-taps, fastenings for doors, and railway axle boxes.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

An airman has landed on the summit of Mont Blanc.

The Governor-General of French West Africa has decided to prohibit alcohol throughout the colony.

Asleep in Belgium

It has been mentioned in the Belgian Parliament that two hundred thousand Englishmen sleep in Belgian soil.

Ten Days in a Tree

A man the police were wanting to arrest stayed up a great oak tree for ten days in the wood of Jurbise, near Mons, and could not be arrested until the tree was cut down.

A National Testimonial

At the National Eisteddfod the Prime Minister presented a cheque for £1000 to Mr. Beriah Gwynfe Evans as a testimonial from all Wales in recognition of this well-known journalist's work for his native land.

July was the driest month London has known for eighty years.

A railway goods train has been derailed in Western Canada through striking cattle asleep on the track.

Snow in Australia

Eastern Australia has had the coldest weather it has known for 25 years, and snow has fallen where it was never seen before. In some places the fall was heavy.

A Labour Prime Minister

The Labour Prime Minister of Queensland, Mr. Ryan, has lately died, and his funeral was the largest funeral procession ever seen in Brisbane.

Canada's Mounted Police

The name of the world-famous Royal North-West Mounted Police has been changed to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, as they now have depôts all over Canada. Their picturesque scarlet tunics and stetson hats are still worn.

CAN HE?



Can a dog laugh? a hundred readers of the C.N. ask.
No, says Our Natural Historian.
Yes, says the dog.

THE KINEMA MAN IN THE WATER TANK

ONE of the most amusing and audacious stories in the history of the kinema has come to light in London.

A rich syndicate paid a heavy sum for the exclusive right to film an athletic event in America in which millions of people in various countries were interested. The company had 60 kinematograph operators at work, close to the arena; they made 60,000 feet of film, developed and completed their work with orderly leisure, and sent duplicate films broadcast over the world. But when the official film reached England it was found that 200 or 300 copies of an unofficial film, of whose existence nobody in America knew, had been sent out!

It seems that while the original syndicate went about its work openly and with show, a rival operator was engaged in stealthily filming the contest unob-

served. A high tower stands some 250 yards from the scene of the contest, and on top of the tower is a water tank. In that tank a man concealed himself for two or three days before the contest.

He cut a hole in the side of the tank, and when the business began he popped through the hole the 18-inch telescopic lens of his camera, set his film in motion, and recorded everything. During the night he developed his picture, boarded an aeroplane, flew to the first ship leaving for England, reached here days ahead of his rivals, and sold copies of his picture everywhere!

It was a piece of daring adventure, but the arrival of the official film ended the success of this enterprising operator, for by some means the kinemas were persuaded to withdraw the first film and show the second.

SCHOLAR-TRAVELLER

TRIBUTE TO A FAMOUS ENGLISHMAN

Man Who Saved Millions of Lives

HIS RACE ALONG THE HOUSE-TOPS

Peru has been keeping the hundredth anniversary of its independence.

Practically every nation on earth was represented at the national festivities, and one man is specially honoured in the republic. He is Lord Dundonald, representative of Great Britain; honoured not only because he is a Briton, but because he is a grandson of that heroic Admiral Dundonald who, by his genius and valour when commanding little navies in the West, enabled the South American Republics to throw off the Spanish yoke, which had been on them from the days of Columbus.

But one of the most pleasing incidents of the celebration was in London, where the Consul-General for Peru wrote to the *Times* a fine tribute to a grand old Englishman whose services greatly contributed to the advancement of Peru. He was Sir Clements Markham, the writer and explorer.

Man Who Loved Fair Play

Sir Clements Markham, says Mr. Salomon, the Consul-General for Peru, traversed Peru in every direction, always bringing to bear upon his observations and discoveries not only sympathy for the land he loved so well, but the eye of the scholar. Moreover, his knowledge of the imperial race of the Incas, their history, traditions, and customs, was profound, and his sympathy for that great race was a cardinal principle of action. For him nothing was insignificant. All things in this, his second fatherland, had their true value. But, says Mr. Salomon, in the eyes of all Peruvians his most shining virtue was the spirit of fair play and justice so manifest in all his writings.

Fine Tribute to a Traveller

"He taught the people of Peru what British justice and fair play really are, and his teaching will never be forgotten. He stands forth as Peru's champion. None of her sons has surpassed him in love and zeal for her progress, while for her history, her antiquities, and traditions he had a passionate enthusiasm."

Is not this a noble tribute to our great countryman? Sir Clements Markham was like a great Elizabethan flourishing in our own day.

He died at 85, in the height of the war. He was a sailor, an explorer, an adventurer of the finest type, and a writer of unwearying zeal. He was hardly out of knickerbockers when, as a middy, he calmly sat down and wrote a book on the Pacific naval station to which his ship was gazetted; and all his life he was writing.

Saving Many Lives

He wrote of his travels, and of remote and difficult subjects; he organised explorations, full of life and fun and daring and boyish ardour, yet with the careful skill of the scientific veteran behind them. He once led a race round a Peruvian city; but the racecourse lay over roofs and copings of walls, from which the roads between the houses had to be jumped!

And he it was, this boyish scholar and traveller, who took the cinchona plant, from which we get quinine, from Peru to India. He gathered the plants, he took them to India, and he saw them well and truly planted there. He brought down the price of quinine from many shillings to a few pence per ounce, and he saved more lives every year than most years of war have lost. Quinine is the specific for malarial fever, and without it this malady used to kill every year in India more people than cholera.

WHO SHOT NELSON?

MORE LINKS WITH THE PAST

C.N. Reader's Father with Memories of Trafalgar

THE BURNING OF NEWGATE

The story recently told by a member of the C.N. staff of how he had heard his grandfather describe a visit to Plymouth when Napoleon was there on board the Bellerophon has brought many letters from readers who furnish very interesting links with the past.

One of the most interesting is from Mrs. Agnes Splatt, an old lady of 80, whose daughter tells us that "she reads and enjoys every word of the C.N. every week."

Mrs. Splatt, who writes from Bude, in Cornwall, in a handwriting that would do credit to a schoolgirl, gives us a very interesting memory of Nelson and the Battle of Trafalgar. She says:

My father was born at Ide, near Exeter, in 1801, and as a little boy well knew the man, a native of Ide, who avenged the death of Nelson at Trafalgar. He was in the rigging of Nelson's ship, and saw a man in the enemy's ship aim at the admiral and shoot him. He was not in time to forestall the shot, but instantly returned the compliment, and shot the man.

The Man in the Mast

The man referred to must be one of the two midshipmen who were with the quartermaster who saw the fatal shot fired. Southey, in his *Life of Nelson*, tells the story thus:

It was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizzen-top of the Redoubtable. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound; he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quartermaster had seen him fire, and easily recognised him because he wore a glazed cocked hat and a white frock. This quartermaster and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop; the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges.

One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out "That's he—that's he!" and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time; and the fellow dropped.

When Newgate Burned

Another interesting link with the past is furnished by Mr. E. R. Glanville of Southampton, who, though over 87, reads the C.N. regularly.

In 1847, when I was a boy of 13 (he says), I was a chum of an old gentleman, a retired veterinary surgeon, and I remember asking him if there was any event in his early years of historic importance which he vividly remembered. He replied, "Yes, I was an apprentice in Fleet Street at the time of the Lord George Gordon riots, and remember the burning of Newgate, and saw some of the escaped prisoners pass the shop where I was with broken shackles on their ankles."

Dickens gives a very vivid description of the escape of the prisoners while the prison burned.

Now a score of prisoners ran to and fro who had lost themselves in the intricacies of the prison, and were so bewildered with the noise and glare that they knew not where to turn or what to do, and still cried out for help as loudly as before. And then a knot of highwaymen went trooping by, conducted by the friends they had among the crowd, who muffled their fetters as they went along with handkerchiefs and bands of hay, and wrapped them in coats and cloaks, and gave them drink from bottles, and held it to their lips because of their handcuffs, which there was no time to remove.

How strange that a C.N. reader in 1921 should have heard a description of all this from one who actually saw it!

THE PROFESSOR'S LITTLE WAY

A Good Game with a Dirty Town

HOW HE GOT THE STREETS CLEAN

British officials in India often have great difficulty in getting Indians to believe simple facts.

We are aware that if a big town is not kept clean and the streets well scavenged the people will fall sick; but the Indians will hardly believe this, and it is very hard to get them to clean their streets.

Professor Patrick Geddes, one of the wisest and most popular Scotsmen now alive, has just returned from India, and he tells how he used a little trickery to get the natives to clean one town where plague was raging and many people were ill and dying because of the dirt.

The professor knew the Indians are fond of processions and festivals, and he got the Maharajah to get up a magnificent procession and to tell the people that it would only pass through the cleanest streets of the town. All the people living in the dirty streets were anxious to have the procession come past their houses, and all over the town they set to work to clean up. No less than six thousand cartloads of rubbish and disease-spreading dirt were gathered up and burned, and this did so much good that the plague soon died out.

The Indians believe the professor charmed away the plague by magic; they will not believe that they charmed it away themselves.

UNDER THE WHITE MAN'S EYE

Why the Kaffirs Worked Hard

A quaint story of Kaffir superstition comes from South Africa.

Kaffir workmen work very well under supervision, but as soon as the foreman turns his back they begin to gossip.

A foreman with a glass eye adopted a cunning scheme to deal with them so as to get the best work done without having to be present himself.

As soon as he had shown the Kaffirs their day's task, he took out his glass eye and put it on a post, telling the Kaffirs that his eye would watch them while he was away.

He then went away, and the Kaffirs never worked so hard in their lives!

STORY OF A CROCODILE

Bursting Its Bonds

If a story in an Australian paper is to be believed there are very clever crocodiles in the Northern Territory of the Commonwealth.

One captured at Port Charles some years ago had its legs, arms, and jaws bound with grass rope and a stick bound along its back; 14 fathoms of Manila rope bound it firmly to a stake, and another piece, tied round its loins, held it fast to a forge. In this manacled condition it was left for the night.

The next morning, when its captors went out to kill it, it had vanished. Handcuffs, gags, and ropes lay on the ground, and there was no sign of a struggle. Its tracks were followed to the edge of a cliff, over which it had tumbled into the sea.

ARMOUR GOES

Great Chance for Saucepans

The life of armour is decidedly over, after two thousand years and more. The French War Office has just sent out for sale the few thousand cuirasses remaining in its stores.

The market of old iron is waiting for them, and these interesting relics of warfare of the past will probably come back to life in the shape of saucepans, or other useful things. We shall all be glad to see the saucepan made from a soldier's metal coat.

CHILDREN IN AGES PAST

How the Artists Pictured Them

INTERESTING FRENCH EXHIBITION

By Our Paris Correspondent

An exhibition of childhood lately organised in Paris draws a parallel between the life of children in old times and now, with the help of ancient documents and playthings which, though little known before, are of curious artistic interest.

Each period in art has given a style to children. Etruscan and Roman painters represented children as little thick-set animals, though not without beauty. The mystical Middle Ages made them a sort of little stretched larvae, who, tied in their cradles or in entwined strips up to the shoulders, often looked rather chrysalis-like.

Wood engravings of the sixteenth century show us refined and wide-awake children. The artists of that period, called the French Renaissance, gave us a lovely series of little folk copied from

Have You Seen the C.N. Monthly?

Nothing better will a shilling buy for you than the C.N. Monthly, what the Times calls "this wonderful publication," with its glorious pictures, its ennobling poems, its stories of heroes, its deep love of Nature, its romances of science, its wise counsels of health, its entrancing travel articles, its playbox for the babies, its merry pages for the little people, its quenchless faith in right and truth, its thrilling human adventures, its explanations of a thousand things that puzzle us all.

Ask for My Magazine

Whatsoever Things are Honest, whatsoever Things are Just, whatsoever Things are Pure, whatsoever Things are Lovely, whatsoever Things are of Good Report.

MY MAGAZINE

Thinks on These Things

Luca della Robbia, from Raphael, and from many others—painted or sculptured little bodies exuberant with life, plump, and harmonising.

The seventeenth century wedges in childhood with its spirit of dignity and its suggestion of noble attitudes. The eighteenth century is bright and witty, and the children everywhere seem to be enjoying their games.

It is interesting to notice from these pictures that children seem always exactly to represent the spirit of the society of their time.

In these bygone times cradles were important furniture, handed down from one family to another. Middle Ages cradles, especially, were splendidly decorated, painted, and carved, with the evident purpose of making them works of art. The cradles of noble families of the fourteenth century bore coats of arms, and were ornamented with pictures of angels or of the child's patron saint.

FIFTY-FIVE YEARS IN ONE FAMILY

A little lady in a black shawl and a white bonnet mounted the platform at a presentation of medals in Paris the other day to receive recognition for having been 55 years in the service of one family.

BOY WHO SAW A RARE VISITOR

Large Copper Butterfly Seen During the War

YOUNG NATURALIST'S DISCOVERY

We have read the following very interesting letter from Rede Rectory, Bury St. Edmunds, and we gladly publish it, with the conviction that Master Theodore Payne saw the large copper butterfly in England during the war. The letter is from his father, the Rev. A. H. Payne.

Four years ago my boy and I—he was then a child of eight—were on the banks of a stream in Norfolk when he called my attention to a butterfly which had settled near him, and which he was therefore able to examine minutely. I was preparing fishing tackle, and paid no attention.

Presently the butterfly flew away, but not before my boy had had ample opportunity to note all its markings. On our return home he consulted a book on butterflies, and instantly and unhesitatingly pointed to an illustration of a large copper as being identical in every respect with the butterfly he had seen that afternoon.

It was not till I read the text that my interest was aroused, for not till then did I learn that the large copper was supposed to be extinct. I cross-questioned my boy, but could not shake his confidence. He was quite positive he was right; both illustration and description tallied exactly with what he had seen, he said.

The Specimen Identified

Later, we saw the collection of butterflies in Norwich Museum, and there again he identified the specimen of the large copper as being the one he had seen.

Though he was only eight I was much impressed, both because of his emphatic insistence and because I knew him to be a keen and accurate observer. I feared it was useless to publish the incident, as the statement of a child of that age would probably gain no credence, but I wished he could be proved right.

Now he has drawn my attention to an account in the C.N. of this butterfly having been seen again. I do not expect that the discovery of a large copper at Lingfield, Surrey, in 1921 will satisfy the public that one was seen in Norfolk in 1917; but to me it is a confirmation of my boy's statement, and my own proud opinion will always be that the rediscoverer of that supposedly extinct butterfly was my son.

Several witnesses can testify to his unshaken confidence at the time and ever since, and also to the frequently-proved accuracy of his statements on natural history subjects.

A TRAVELLER'S FRIEND

Bird Companion on a Lonely Walk

It is said that chief among the charms of North Wales, so far as the Nature-lover is concerned, is the tameness of wild creatures, especially birds. This is due to the fact that in that beautiful and sparsely-populated country the birds are rarely molested by man.

Walking alone along a quiet stretch of the River Conway, a correspondent had a pretty example of the tameness of birds in Wales.

A young thrush had kept company with him for several yards, hopping about his feet, and at last, stooping down, our correspondent picked some wild strawberries and offered them to the thrush.

Immediately it fluttered near them, took the biggest berry, and gobbled it on a twig near by. Then it perched on the traveller's hand and ate all the berries one by one.

SOMETHING IN YOUR EYE

Plague of Flies that are Really Small Beetles

FIERCE COURAGE OF THE DEVIL'S COACH-HORSE

By Our Country Correspondent

There is a plague of small flies in many parts, and traffic has even been held up by them.

In most parts of England people have been complaining about the plague of small flies. These creatures alight on the face, causing great irritation, and when they fly into the eye of a cyclist or chauffeur they may even cause a serious accident.

As a matter of fact, though they are called flies, very few of these creatures are flies at all. Most of them are little beetles related to the familiar cocktail beetle, or devil's coach-horse.

A fly in the eye would, of course, be painful; but far greater pain is caused when one of these little beetles, belonging to the family of Brachelytra, which means short-wing cases, gets under the lid. Directly anything alights on our eyeball we instinctively and instantly close the lid, and the tiny beetle, finding itself imprisoned, turns up its pointed tail and increases the irritation.

The Rev. J. G. Wood declared that seven out of every ten so-called flies that get into the eye in summer are Brachelytra beetles.

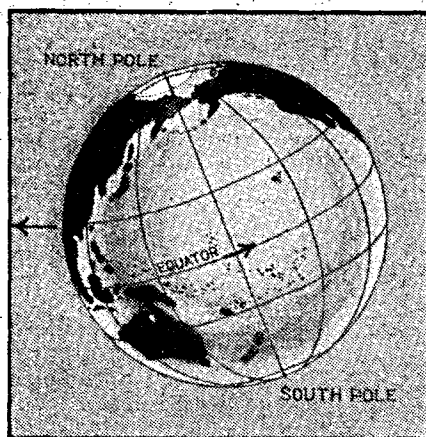
If any of these little creatures are caught they should be carefully examined through a pocket lens, and if they are seen packing away their wings in their cases it will be a sight worth any trouble to witness.

The wings are out of all proportion to the minute size of the body, and the folding and hiding of them under the small wing-cases is a real work of art.

Just now the devil's coach-horse, a much larger beetle of the same family, is getting very common. Everyone knows it by its habit of cocking up its tail at the first sign of alarm, so that it looks like a small scorpion. This is a useful habit for frightening human beings, but the tail is not a weapon; its real use is to pack away the wings.

The cocktail's weapon is its powerful pair of jaws, and it is a most ferocious creature to other insects. No creature in the animal world has more courage, and it never turns its back on a foe.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at midnight on any day in August as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Peas sown last month should be kept well mulched and watered. Black-and-white Spanish radishes for autumn and winter use may be sown, also some of the early white and scarlet turnip-rooted. Tomatoes against a wall should be nailed.

Thin the young shoots of raspberries and cut the bearing branches so that the young shoots for bearing next summer may have light and nourishment.

Shorten the shoots of laurels, hollies, and other evergreen shrubs that have grown too large for their position.

ARAB TRIBE PAID TO BE GOOD

£60,000 A YEAR FOR PEACE

A New Story Like a Piece of Old History

MEN WHO TIE WIVES UP IN BAGS

A statement was made in the House of Commons not long ago by Mr. Winston Churchill, the Colonial Secretary, which sounded almost like a bit of ancient English history.

Every school boy and girl knows how, when the Danes came ravaging our shores at the end of the tenth century, the English king, Ethelred the Unready, thought out a plan for keeping the Danes in order without fighting them.

He offered to pay them large sums of money if they would remain friendly and leave England in peace, and the English were taxed to find the money, which came to be known as Dane-geld.

The plan was not successful, however, for the Danes, believing the English to be afraid of them and finding that they could get money so easily, constantly increased their demands, came in large forces to collect the tribute, and finally had to be kept in order by other means.

A Good-Conduct Prize

Now, ten centuries after the Danes are dead and buried, Mr. Churchill announces something very similar. Ethelred's plan is being followed in connection with some fierce Arab tribes, the Wahabis, who have opposed British plans made on behalf of our friend the Emir Feisal.

Mr. Churchill tells us that in order to induce these wild men of the desert to behave properly we are going to pay them an annual subsidy of £60,000. The money is to be handed over a month in arrears, so that the tribesmen may not get it till they have actually earned it by their good behaviour.

It is to be hoped that this buying of the friendship of a race of fierce warriors will be more successful in the case of the Wahabis than it was with the Danes. Probably it will be, for the scheme has the support of Colonel Lawrence, who is our greatest authority on all that concerns the Arabs. He knows these tribesmen well, and thinks the £60,000 grant will keep them quiet.

They are an exceedingly fierce people, and are such strict Moslems that they will kill any of their number who should be found smoking a cigarette.

Crime of Wearing Fine Clothes

They have a very unpleasant way of correcting their wives. According to Colonel Lawrence, they tie them up in bags, and then beat the outside of the bag unmercifully with palm canes.

If a man's wife goes outside the door of the house her husband is allowed by the laws of the tribe to put her to death. The wearing of silk, jewels, precious stones, and other finery is a penal offence.

They regard all strangers with dislike, and believe that the mere sight of one is a contamination to a faithful Moslem.

If they meet or see a stranger while travelling they remove their clothes and wash them thoroughly to get rid of the contamination. As Colonel Lawrence says, it will certainly be cheap if their goodwill can be bought for £60,000 a year.

DUST STORMS

American Rivers Choked Up

Great dust storms are a constant plague in some of the Western States of America, and in valleys of the Cordilleras the dust lies hundreds of feet deep.

Many rivers are so overloaded with sediment from these storms that they cannot carry it away and have to flow round the deposits. Such a river is the Platte, once described as "a mile wide, an inch deep, and with its bottom on top."

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

Does a Pet Rabbit Require Water?

In general pet rabbits derive moisture from their food, but they like water and are better for it.

Is There a Yolk in a Snake's Egg?

Yes, the plan of all eggs has a general resemblance in constitution, whether of bird, reptile, fish, or insect.

Do Snakes Swallow Their Young?

It is commonly asserted that young adders retreat down the mother's throat for safety, but we believe the story to be a fable.

Do Parasites Prey on Fish?

There are parasites for most things, and the fish is no exception. Many things, worms, sea-lice, etc., harry the fish, and keepers of goldfish know the terrors of fungus.

Do Corn, Wheat, and Barley Flower?

Yes, the flowers of these, as of other grasses, are readily discovered by the instructed eye. But the flowers do not last long; that of wheat, for example, exists for but 15 or 20 minutes.

Is it True that a Jackdaw Talks When Its Tongue is Out?

No; this is one of the barbarous fables that last from generation to generation. Left un mutilated a tame jackdaw will talk, but submitted to this atrocious product of ignorant superstition it will suffer and probably die.

Do Ants See?

They do; they have two large compound eyes, and lesser, simple eyes called ocelli. How the thing seen appears to them we do not know, for each compound eye may have 1000 facets, so that the object may appear in the form of a mosaic.

How Soon can a Horse be put to Work?

A racehorse is broken at 18 months, and begins its public career six months later. For light work a three-year-old is broken and put to duty, but that is too early for general purposes. Four years is the average age at which a colt is broken to harness for labour.

Has any Fish Two Sets of Eyes?

This may be said to be practically true of a tropical American fish, the double-eyed *Anableps tetraodon*. It has but two eyes, but each eye is divided into two portions, upper and lower, so that, swimming with the eyes half in and half out of the water, the fish can at once see in the air and in the water.

Does any British Mammal Besides the Squirrel Build in a Tree?

The dormouse has a summer nest in bush or shrub, and for its winter sleep sometimes makes a second home, of similar character, among thick vegetation nearer the ground. Pine martens frequent trees and commonly seize upon deserted nests of birds, though the Irish species is known to make its home in crevices of rocks.

How Can a Bird Tell When Its Eggs Have Been Disturbed?

Who can account for the instinct of a bird? But not all birds do detect a cheat. The writer once exchanged an addled canary's egg for one in the wilds, from which next day the sitting canary hatched a thrush; and successfully substituted a cotton finch's egg for one borrowed from the nest of a white-throat. Thrush and white-throat brought off the remainder of their own eggs.

What is a Pearl? Beautiful and dainty as it seems a pearl is really the tomb of a worm enshrined in an oyster shell. The story of how it is formed is a strange and striking romance, which is told fully in an interesting illustrated article in the September number of the C.N. monthly, My Magazine, now lying on the bookstalls with this paper.

THE DRAGON IN THE SKY

GROUP OF MIGHTY SUNS ABOVE OUR HEADS

Star that Guided Mariners

EXPECTED SHOWER OF METEORS

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The ancient astronomers, who peopled the heavens with imaginary heroes and goddesses also provided some fearsome creatures to keep them company.

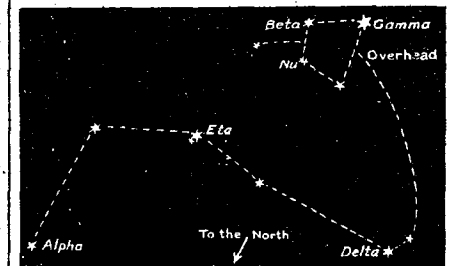
There were wild animals and serpents, and the scorpion described a few weeks ago. In most cases the heroes, such as Orion, Boötes, and Hercules, are represented, like Saint George of old, performing deeds of valour: Orion attacking the Wild Bull Taurus; Boötes, with a couple of dogs, chasing the Great Bear, Ursa Major, day after day round the Pole; and Hercules, while despatching a handful of snakes, has his foot on the head of the Dragon, or Draco.

This constellation is now above us in the evening, and the chief stars composing it may be readily found by facing north and using the accompanying map.

Dragon's Head and Tail

Four stars, two of them quite bright, form a much distorted square, and are just about overhead between 9 and 10 p.m. These constitute the Dragon's head; while the long trail of stars shown by the broken line in the drawing is his tail, near the end of which is Alpha.

It is not a very brilliant star, yet it was once the most useful and observed of all, because four thousand years ago it was the Pole Star. Therefore it alone of all the orbs of the firmament appeared



The Constellation of the Dragon

fixed, and so enabled the mariners and desert travellers of those days always to find the true north.

This was about 2200 B.C.; since then the imaginary pole, or axis, upon which the earth spins has gradually tilted toward another star, the present Polaris, or Pole Star, in Ursa Minor.

The brightest star in Draco is Gamma, almost overhead and at one corner of the "distorted square." It is one of the giant suns of the universe, and has been calculated to give nearly 500 times the light of our Sun. Yet how small it looks up there! That is because it is fourteen million times as far away as our Sun, its light taking 200 years to reach us.

More colossal still is Eta, a bright star almost midway between Gamma and Alpha. This great sun has been estimated to give just over a thousand times the light of our Sun and its light to take 395 years to reach us, so it must be quite twenty-six million times as far from us as the Sun. Close to it is a much smaller companion sun.

Twin Stars Pushing Through Space

Another most interesting star is Nu, at the opposite corner of the square to Gamma, and not very bright. Close inspection will show it to be composed of two stars, almost perfect twins. One has been calculated to be actually 53½ times as bright as our Sun, and the other 52 times as bright, while they are both at the colossal distance of about 230 light years, and speeding through space in the same direction, thus showing that they have a common bond of affinity, and probably a common origin.

Next week many meteors are expected to radiate from this constellation, and are known as the Draconids. G.F.M.

A MESSAGE FROM SPACE

A Thrilling Story of Flying Adventures
Telling How Mars Saved the Earth

Told by
GEORGE
GOODCHILD

CHAPTER 44

The Lights in the Sky

THE Professor's words were staggering; Tom hardly knew what to make of them.

"But the Martians say they are sending something," he said.

"Tut! What can they send but condolences?"

"What do they mean by being in opposition?" Tom asked.

"Mars will be at its nearest point to earth on February 6."

"But surely something can be done! You are sure that nothing can live through this gas?"

The professor smiled.

"Nothing," he said.

"How far does it stretch?"

"It will take our earth fifty hours to pass through it. By that time we shall all have ceased to exist."

An hour later Tom left Rumminger's house and went home, to find Rolf and Ida wondering where he had been. From the way they talked of the lecture he was persuaded the wisest plan was to say nothing of his faith in Rumminger or the warning from Mars. He decided to wait until February 6.

The weeks flew by. Tom, immersed in his work, took no count of time and the relatively trivial events of life; Joan went back to school; and Rolf returned to Devonshire for a long rest before taking a new post.

On February 4 Tom finished his work and showed Hennessee the result. Hennessee was full of praise, and asserted that a new phase in wireless telegraphy was being entered into.

The firm to whom he had consigned the patent was more than satisfied, and a big cheque was paid the young inventor.

"You are a rich man now," said Robert. "Don't let the success turn your head, Tom. What are you going to do next?"

"Come back to your factory if you will have me."

"Of course I will! Come just when you wish to."

"I shall be ready to start in a day or two. Today is February 6. Suppose—"

He suddenly remembered what that date implied, and stopped short. Robert looked at him. They were walking up the drive in the darkness of the evening.

"You were saying—" said Robert.

"Look!" gasped Tom.

From out of the blue vault came a bright streak of light. For several seconds it pursued its almost vertical course, getting brighter and brighter as it approached.

"Great heavens!" ejaculated Robert. "It's a great meteor, and will come to earth."

"No; it's dying," said Tom.

The light dwindled until it finally vanished.

They had scarcely got over their excitement when the thing happened again. The second one was even brighter than the first. It seemed to take exactly the same course, and to take the same time to burn up.

"It's very strange!" muttered Robert. "They must be gigantic meteors dashing into the earth's atmosphere, to be burnt up by friction. But their course is extraordinary."

Tom stared up at the red planet.

"They seem to come straight from Mars," he whispered.

Robert laughed.

"Your Martian friends signalling," he said jocularly.

His banter ceased when another and another of the strange lights came. Throughout the evening they counted no less than 45, at

exactly the same interval—two minutes.

Tom arrived at a decision. He felt certain there was more behind those fiery messengers than they were aware of. The Martians had kept their word. They had sent something, but what was it? He went to Robert.

"Uncle Bob, you joked just now about Mars. But it's true—those lights we saw are from Mars. Look at this."

He produced the slip of paper containing the unfinished message. Robert wrinkled his brows.

"I ought to have shown it you before," Tom said contritely; "but I thought I should be able to get it completed in time. Then, later, I was afraid you might laugh at me. Can you doubt that those lights were caused by the Martians? And if that part of the message is true, might not the rest be true, too?"

Robert was obviously impressed.

"We ought to publish this. There may, of course, be some other explanation, but if not then this message is of the most vital importance," he said.

He went to the telephone and rang up a well-known daily paper. After a lengthy conversation he put down the receiver and came to Tom.

"They don't understand it," he said. "They have been in communication with all the observatories in the country, and can get no satisfactory explanation. Strangely enough, the same thing has been happening all over the globe—America, Australia, Africa."

"Then it is the Martians," gasped Tom. "And they are trying to tell us something. What are they trying to tell us?"

"Or send us," said Robert.

"There is one man who may know," ejaculated Tom—"Professor Rumminger."

"But they all say he is demoted."

Tom was busy on the telephone. He got on to Rumminger, and heard his acid voice at the other end.

"Those flashes—can you explain them?" he asked.

"No, I can't," snapped the professor. "But they come from Mars, you can rest assured of that."

He rang off abruptly.

"I shall publish this message," said Robert. "Let the world make what it can of it."

The next morning the message appeared in the press, along with the puzzled accounts of the extraordinary phenomenon.

Before the public could properly assimilate all the varied reports something else happened which gave them ample food for reflection.

CHAPTER 45

The Epidemic

THE morning opened cold, with a bitter wind from the north-east. The sun rose from a queer kind of mist that even the wind failed to disperse. Through this

yellowish medium the sun could be seen with an aureole around his disc.

People travelling to their daily work noticed it, but the news in the papers was startling enough to make them forget everything else.

Most of the papers published the unfinished Martian message, and it needed but a touch of the imagination to link it with the strange lights of the preceding evening.

It was at noon that the unexpected happened. Something seemed to be clogging the atmosphere—a fine sort of dust that caused sneezing and difficulties of breathing.

The dust settled on coats and hats and lay thick on the pavements. Folks looked up at the sky unable to understand the invasion.

Tom, who had been in the City, came back to dinner and found his uncle with Gellett.

"That message of yours has caused some controversy," said Robert to Tom. "Whatever it is the Martians have sent it has a most unpleasant effect."

"It's an epidemic," Gellett was saying. "The hospitals are full of cases. A slight temperature and symptoms like influenza."

"You connect this atmospheric dust with the message?"

"I do," said Gellett. "It isn't ordinary dust."

As yet the public were unable to see the significance of events. It was on the following morning that they came to realise that there was some mystery behind it all.

The fine dust still continued. But not only did it descend in London; the same phenomenon was occurring all over the globe.

Certain scientists were inclined to reject the Martian theory, and to accept the idea that a vast eruption had taken place and that the irritating atoms were volcanic dust.

For three days the deluge continued, and then slowly the atmosphere cleared.

Gellett was frankly puzzled.

"Nothing seems to have happened," he said. "What does it mean?"

It was Tom who found out. It came to him from no less a person than the professor. The old man rang up Tom on the telephone.

"Your Martian friends have been very busy," he said. "They've sent the thing they promised."

Tom felt there was much behind the grim laugh that followed.

"Did they send that dust?" he queried.

"Dust? It wasn't dust. Would you like to know what it was?"

Tom quivered with excitement.

"Wouldn't I just!"

"Then come round to my house and I'll tell you something."

Tom ran to Robert.

"Rumminger has solved the secret. He has discovered what the queer particles were that came from Mars."

Robert smiled. "You believe they came from Mars?"

"I know it, and Rumminger knows it too. Uncle Bob, there's something going to happen soon. I know it. Can I take the car?"

"Certainly. But be careful of Rumminger. He's a strange old

man, and may lead you into all kinds of wild excursions."

Tom rushed towards Rumminger's house, caring nothing for speed limits. Rumminger held this wonderful secret, and it would soon be his. The queer old man had succeeded where all others had failed.

He arrived at the house, and was told that the professor was in the observatory.

The old man was sitting at a table, near the big telescope. He didn't even look up as Tom entered, but chuckled as he made notes on a piece of paper. Suddenly he turned and stared at Tom.

"Hullo! What do you want?"

Tom gasped.

"You asked me to call."

"Did I? Sit down."

"It was about the queer dust."

"Don't keep calling it dust," said Rumminger irritably.

Tom sat silent, anxious not to ruffle the old man's temper. Rumminger pushed his spectacles firmly on the bridge of his nose, and pointed to some specks on a small circular mirror.

"Looks... innocent enough, doesn't it?"

"What is it?"

"It's the stuff that has puzzled those estimable brethren of mine. Any fool ought to have known it wasn't volcanic dust, but the poor wretches had to say something."

"And what is it?" asked Tom.

Rumminger chuckled, and then stood up and went outside. He came back with a square, earth-filled box in his hand. *Growing from the soil were hundreds of blue mushroom-shaped plants.*

"Fungus," said the professor.

"They are forced up prematurely—about three days in advance of their proper time. Now do you know what the Martians sent?"

Tom was flabbergasted.

"Fungus spores," droned Rumminger—"tons and tons of fine fungus spores. And it grows like lightning. Look! You can see it grow. There is no earthly species of fungus that is anything like it. In less than a week every field and garden in England, every square foot of soil on earth, will be bristling with these queer chaps."

He seemed to regard it as a queer joke. To Tom it was bewildering. It seemed senseless.

"Is it good to eat?" he queried.

"To eat? I should say not!"

"But what does it mean? Why should the Martians go to all this trouble to send us fungus?"

The professor's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

"That is what the world will be asking very soon," he said seriously.

"This fungus is going to choke everything. All the young crops will be choked."

"But it will mean that the world will starve."

"I tell you humanity is doomed. Beside that appalling fact nothing matters."

For the first time he was deadly serious. If there had been any lingering doubts in Tom's mind they were dispelled. Rumminger carried conviction in every word.

Tom went home with his brain in a whirl. He avoided Robert because he didn't want to speak of Rumminger's discovery. He slept little, and spent the night in a kind of semi-conscious trance. Were all these things true? Had they really happened, or was it a dream?

He crept down to breakfast the next morning and went to the doorstep to get the paper, where the newsboy always left it. He reeled as he saw in staring headlines:

"Gigantic fungus plague in the South of Europe."

Then Rumminger was right! The Southern climate had expedited its growth.

The paper dropped from his fingers. He went to pick it up and stood transfixed.

Growing between the flagstones were thousands of minute heads of purple fungus!

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Famous Exile

IN the year that the first really representative Parliament met at Westminster, the year that Simon de Montfort fell in the Battle of Evesham, a child was born in Italy whose name was to be inscribed on the very pinnacle of literary fame.

His father, a lawyer, belonged to an ancient and noble family, and in the great struggle of the Middle Ages between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, he took the side of the Guelphs. When they were defeated in battle he was exiled, and soon afterwards died.

As the boy grew up he showed a great love and capacity for learning, and he also took a keen interest in the politics of the day, siding with the same party as his father. He fought gallantly with the Guelphs, and was present at a famous battle where they won a great victory.

Already he was known as a poet, but he led a very active life, filling various public offices, and being sent by his government on foreign diplomatic missions. This travel broadened his mind, and from being a strong partisan he now tried to reconcile Guelphs and Ghibellines in the interests of Italy as a whole. In fact, some have described him as "the first Italian," for though he lived in a day when Italy was divided into many petty states and was torn by faction, he seems to have had a vision of a united Italy 600 years before it became a fact.

He was elected to high office, and became a stern and impartial judge, but while he was away in Rome on an official mission fierce riots broke out in his native city, and his house was pillaged and burned. A party hostile to himself gained the power, and his enemies, in his absence, charged him with corruption. He was sentenced to perpetual exile, and never again saw his native city.

That was a cruel age, and the sentence was cruel, for it declared that if ever he were caught he was to be burned alive. Fortunately he was never caught by his foes.

He wandered from city to city and lived the life of a student and poet. He wrote several books, which men have, by general consent, placed among the very greatest of the world's literature. One tells of his love for a lady who died while she was still young, but whom he never forgot.

The poet-statesman married and had quite a large family—six boys and a girl—and when he died he was buried with great pomp in the Italian city which he had made his last home.

After death a plaster cast was taken of his face, and his features are undoubtedly the best known of all those who lived in the Middle Ages. Here is his portrait. Who was he?





There Is a Singing in the Summer Air



D! MERRYMAN

THE teacher was annoyed with little Tommy.

"Your composition is disgusting. It is full of spelling errors," she said. "Yes, I know, teacher," replied Tommy. "But when I grow up I'm going to write dialect stories."

A Stranger

"SOMEBODY is coming!"
Calls the shivering breeze;
"Somebody is coming!"
Grumble forth the trees.
"Somebody is coming,"
Whispers every flower;
And he comes—a timid
Little summer shower.

Arithmetical Puzzle

WITH figures six of all one sort,
Write down ten thousand plain
and short. *Answer next week*

How Many Words Do You Know?

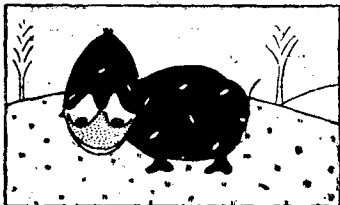
SCIENTISTS want to know everything. One of them has been making calculations about the human memory.

A child can remember about 500 words, and a grown-up 20,000.

There have been rare cases, such as that of Osa Gray, who remembered the names of 25,000 plants. Certain Hindus are able to recite without stopping the 10,000 verses of one of their holy books.

And as for musicians, everybody knows that many of them can play for a whole day different pieces without any music.

The Zoo That Never Was



The Mouzle

Do you like this little chap?

He will not win a prize, mayhap,
For good looks; but as he is kind
His ugliness we will not mind.

And Then It Was Dark

THE sun, one fine evening, on high
Had a side-slip, and vanished,
Oh, my!
I know that it did,
For it left where it slid
Such a long golden streak in the sky.

Is Your Name Allnut?

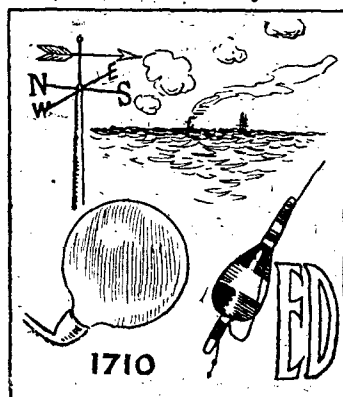
THIS is a modern spelling of the Anglo-Saxon Aelfnoth, which is probably derived from Aulnette, meaning little alder. The name was no doubt originally used as a description of a person who lived near a small alder tree.

A Small Present

"WAITER!" cried an angry diner, "I've just found a safety-pin in my soup!"

"Well, keep it quiet, sir, please," implored the waiter. "There are several people here who have been regular customers for years, and they have never had anything extra thrown in."

Events in History



Do you know what great event this drawing represents? *Solution next week*

A Fruitless Search

THE wind ran away with Claude's hat,
And a motor-car mangled it flat,
Claude murmured, agape,
"Why, it's lost all its shape!"
And he went about looking for that.

WHAT weapon does the earth
most closely resemble?
A revolver.

What Am I?

BRIGHT is my face, my back is white,
My coat is of a different hue;
In me the ladies all delight.
I'm sometimes false and some-
times true.
In character, like ladies fair,
I'm pure, but of a fragile frame;
And, since I do your favours share,
Be kind enough to tell my name.

Solution next week

WHY is a boy who buys four things
for a penny and gives one of
them away like a telescope?
Because he makes a far thing
present.

Safety First

THERE was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe
With far too many children
To know what to do;
But they'd learnt Safety First,
That's the reason, 'tis said,
All of them always
Came home to their bed.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Arithmetical Problem

MILD. Each letter is a Roman numeral—1000, 1, 50, 500.

Can You Find This? The letter O

Jacko Feels Thirsty

WHEN Jacko dashed off across the fields, his idea was to get well out of his uncle's way. He wasn't going to be packed off home, not he.

He had no idea what he was going to do, but he went on and on till he came to a lane. The lane led to a village, and Jacko had no sooner entered it than the toot-toot of a motor-horn sent him hopping on to the footpath.

The car shot past and then pulled up, and, as Jacko came up alongside, the driver leaned over and called out: "Hi, boy! Will you keep an eye on my car while I do a bit of shopping?"

Jacko had no objection. He sprang up into the driver's seat, and sat there with his hands on the steering-wheel, hoping people would think it belonged to him.

But he soon grew tired of looking important, and began to stare about him.

"I wonder what he's got inside?" he said to himself, for his quick eyes had noticed a great package in the body of the car, all covered up with a rug. He hopped over.

A heap of books, a case of ginger-beer, and a lunch-basket!

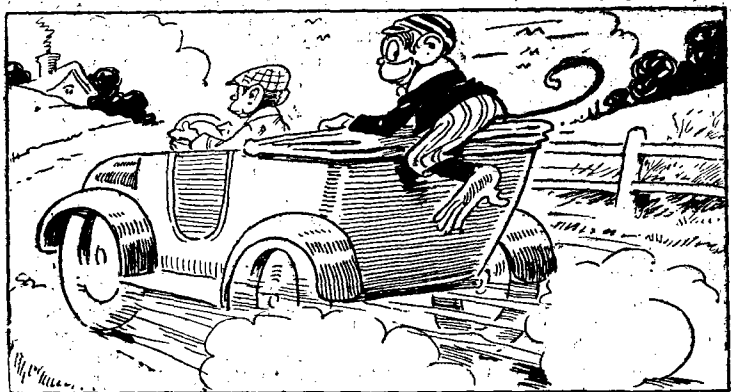
"Well, I never!" exclaimed Jacko. "I'm in luck! The beggar's going to picnic. Perhaps he'll give me some ginger-beer."

But he didn't. He came bustling back as if he were in a great hurry, flung Jacko a sixpence, started the car, and was driving off when he suddenly slapped his leg, and cried: "Bless me if I haven't forgotten the picture-cord! I'll be back in a jiffy!" he sang out to Jacko as he ran back to the shops.

"I'm not his watch-dog," muttered Jacko sulkily—he was still thinking of the ginger-beer. "If he was as thirsty as I am," he went on, "he'd be glad of a drink. Coo! I've an idea!"

He stooped down, chuckling softly, and did something to one of the wheels. Then he waited.

He didn't have long to wait. The man got up into his seat



Jacko crept up and climbed into the back

and drove off. But he had only gone a few yards when he pulled up. "Hi, boy!" he shouted. "Come and give me a hand, will you? My tyre's down."

Jacko ran up grinning, and watched while the man threw off his coat and settled down to a careful inspection.

"Funny thing!" he said at last. "Valve's loose. Well! Well! It might have been worse."

Still, pumping was hot work on a hot day.

"Hot work—and thirsty work!" declared the man, when he had finished. "You'll find some bottles of ginger-beer in the car, boy," he added. "You can have one for your trouble."

Jacko had them out in a twinkling. And when they had finished the man jumped up once more and started his engine.

"Good-bye," he called out over his shoulder.

"Au-revoir," cried Jacko. And then, as the car moved slowly off, he crept up, climbed into the back seat, slipped down beside the boxes, and drew the rug over his head.

Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: Preach the Gospel

15. Allez par tout le monde, et prêchez la bonne nouvelle à toute la création.

16. Celui qui croira et qui sera baptisé, sera sauvé, mais, celui qui ne croira pas sera condamné.

17. Voici les miracles qui accompagneront ceux qui auront cru: en mon nom, ils chasseront les démons; ils parleront de nouvelles langues.

18. Ils saisiront des serpents; s'ils boivent quelque breuvage mortel, il ne leur fera point de mal; ils imposeront les mains aux malades, et les malades seront guéris.

Saint Mark 16

Notes and Queries

What is an Amende honorable? A handsome apology.

What is a Concerto? A composition for a solo instrument with orchestral accompaniment.

What is Copyhold? Copyhold is a term used for the right of holding land when the owner can show nothing but the copy of the rolls made by the steward of the lord's court.

What is the Great Panjandrum? The term was used without meaning in some nonsense verse composed by Foote, the actor. It is now generally used to signify a pompous local magnate.

Tales Before Bedtime

Paddy-whack

PADDY made such a noise banging on his new drum that his mother cried:

"Oh dear! What a din! Go out into the garden, boy. You make my head ache!"

Paddy laughed and marched out, banging louder than ever.

In the garden Betsy was hanging out the clothes. As Paddy came up to her, she stopped and cried:

"Oh dear! What a din! Go out into the lane, boy. You make my head ache!"

Paddy laughed, and ran out.

In the lane was an old man clipping the hedge. As Paddy ran up, he cried:

"Oh dear! What a din! Go away, boy; go away! You make my head ache!"

Paddy stopped laughing and said crossly:

"Nobody likes my drum! Stupid things! It makes a beautiful noise!" And he banged louder than ever.

He ran on till he met a boy about his own age. The boy looked at Paddy, and he looked at the drum.

"That's a fine drum!" he said.

Paddy stopped and smiled.

"I've got a drum, too," said the boy.

"You fetch it," said Paddy, "and we'll see which makes the most noise."

So he fetched it, and they set off together, banging away as hard as ever they could.

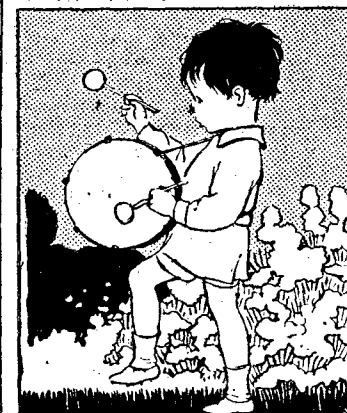
"My drum's the loudest!" cried the boy.

"Mine is!" cried Paddy.

"It isn't!" shouted the boy.

Then Paddy got angry.

"Mine's a new drum!" he cried. "Yours is a stupid old thing!" And he took his stick



Paddy banged harder than ever

and gave it such a savage whack that it went right through!

"Oh!" cried the boy. "You've broken my drum! I'll break yours!" And he leaned forward and gave it a terrific bang. Smash!

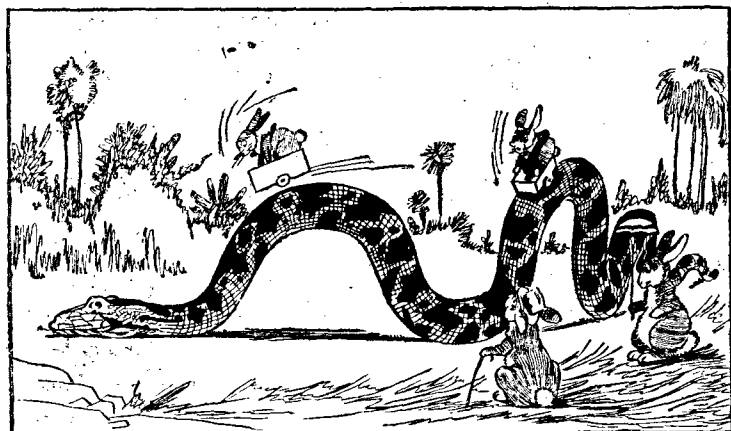
"Good thing too!" said the old hedge man, when he heard.

"Good thing too!" said Betsy, when she heard.

"Good thing too!" said his mother, when she heard.

But Paddy thought they were all horrid.

The Adventures of the Rabbit Family



Mr. Python supplies a most thrilling switchback

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

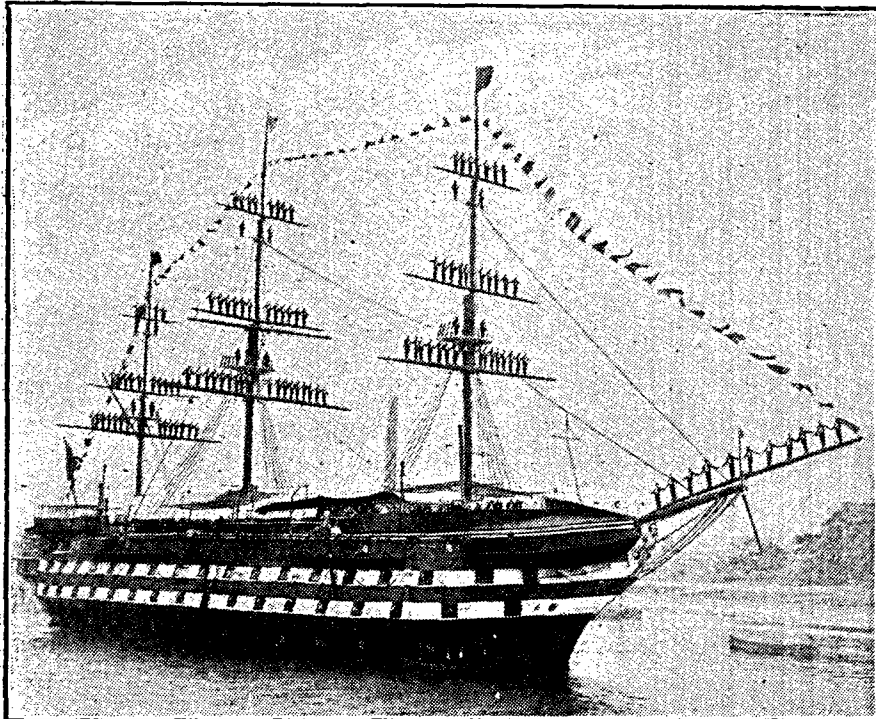
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

August 20, 1921.

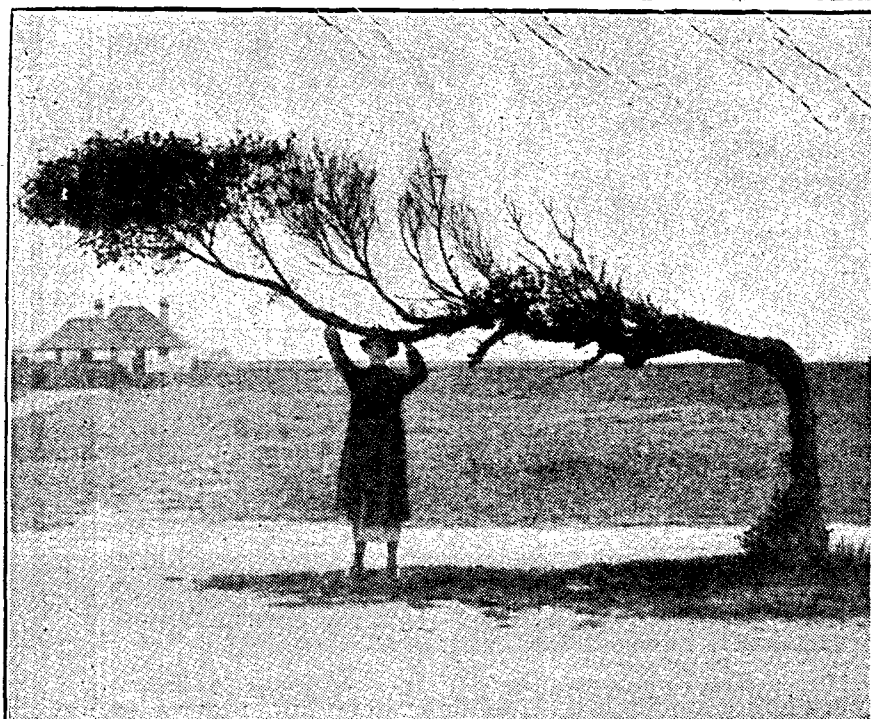
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MANNING THE YARDS • WIND'S POWER • A KING AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD



Manning the Yards—This is a sight not often seen nowadays, though years ago, before the advent of steam, it was familiar. The cadets of the training ship Worcester, on the Thames, are here seen "manning the yards"—or lining up on the cross-trees of the masts—in honour of the visit of the Prince of Wales, who attended to present the King's gold medal and other prizes.



The Power of the Wind—The power of the wind is not only exerted visibly when a fierce tornado is blowing, but the results of a constant, though gentler, wind may also be seen if it blows almost constantly in one direction. This tree at Birchington on the Kent coast has been forced to grow horizontally by the constant winds blowing off the sea.



All Sorts and Conditions of Boys—The Duke of York had the excellent idea of arranging a holiday camp by the sea at New Romney, near Hythe, in Kent, at which there should be both factory lads and boys from Eton and other public schools. Here we see some of the happy members of this camp off for a ride by charabanc.



The Discoverer of Radium—Madame Curie, who recently went to America to receive a gift of a gramme of radium, is here seen visiting the radium refining plant of the Standard Chemical Company of Pittsburg.



The King Helps to Hoist the Mainsail—The King went to Cowes during the recent yachting week to sail on his yacht the Britannia, which was the winning boat in four separate races. In this picture he is seen helping to hoist the mainsail during one of the races. As will be noticed, His Majesty is wearing an ordinary sailor's hat.



A King Stands on Top of the World—King Christian of Denmark, the first monarch in history to visit Greenland, is shown here shaking hands with an Eskimo woman. The natives gave their monarch a hearty welcome and turned out in gala costume to receive him.



The Jutland Cat and His Young Friend—Jimmy, the famous cat of H.M.S. Renown who was wounded at Jutland, recently created great interest at a London garden party in aid of Our Dumb Friends' League by walking about the grounds and greeting his friends, as shown here.